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"CITIES WITHIN THE CITY"

by

ANITA DAY HUBBARD

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September 29, 1924.

MISSION AREA FOUNDED AS U.S.
INDEPENDENCE DECLARED

The Mission district is approached with just a shade of awe. It is no small matter to condense into a brief outline the record of a century and a half, lacking but two years. The whole of the history of the United States as an independent nation is but the story of the same years, for the Mission Dolores was founded in the same year that the Declaration of Independence was signed, 1776. And while the nation as a whole has seen only one government since that time, the sturdy old 'dobe church has existed under three-Spanish, Mexican and American. If one were to write the full history of the Mission district, from the first days of the Franciscan friars through the period of the dashing Spaniards, and the "splendid idle forties" of the Mexicans, and later romance of the Americans, a volume would be too short.

TALE OF MISSIONS RETOLD, BUT
CHARMING

The tale of the Missions in California has been told and retold, from the book of that charming, if a little wicked Frenchman, De Mofras, to the latest novel from the pen of Blasco Ibanez, through the charming garut of the monkist diarists, like Father Palou and his contemporaries, the multitude of other writers like Dwinelle, Hittell, Bancroft, whose collection of California now graces the University of California Library, and a host of others. The tale is too delightful to lack narrators. We are considering the Cities Within the City of San Francisco, and the weight of our consideration must be given to the period after the district took shape as a part of the parent city.

CHURCH SORT OF NUCLEUS

A brief picture of the founding of the Mission will give the required background to our tale, for the old church has been a sort of nucleus always, around which the life of the district has centered, from the earliest days when the Indians gathered to listen to the courageous Franciscan fathers. The charming old building, built by the inept hands of simple savages, under the kindly direction of Father Palou and Father Cambon, for years the center of the life and work of a busy settlement, fallen into quiet ways with the decline of the missions, and now tenderly cared for by the people who love it, basking in the sunshine under the arm of the great new church that stands beside it, broods over the quiet graveyard beside it. The doves nest in the old belfry, and within, the simple beauty of the old chapel descends on one's spirit like a benediction, echo of a thousand prayers that have been said over a century and a half of Baptisms, Weddings, and services for the beloved dead.

FATHER PALOU TELLS STORY

Father Palou, intimate friend and chronicler for Father Junipero Serra, wrote of the founding of the Mission of San Francisco, known as Mission Dolores, in his "Noticias." It was he, in company with Father Benito Cambon, who established the Mission. Let him tell the tale himself.

"The bay of San Francisco, having been rediscovered, the then Viceroy of New Spain-the Marquis de la Croix-thereupon, by an order dated November 12, 1775, gave directions for the foundation of a Fort, Presidio and Mission upon the Bay of San Francisco. The colonists, with their cattle and the necessary provisions for the journey, were to

come by land from Monterey, while the rest of the equipments were sent from the same port by sea. The said overland expedition left the Presidio of Monterey on the appointed day, 17th of June, of the said year of 1776.

ONE SERGEANT, 16 SOLDIERS

"It was composed of the said lieutenant commanding, Don Jose Moraga, one sergeant and 16 soldiers clad in leather armor-all married men with large families-of some followers and servants of the same, of herdsmen and drovers who drove the neat stock of the Presidio, and the pack-train, with provisions and necessary equipage for the road, the rest of the freight being left for the vessel that was about to sail. And, as regards the Mission, we, the two missionaries above named, joined the party with two young men, servants for the Mission, two neophyte Indians of old California, and another of the Mission of San Carlos, for the purpose of trying whether he could serve as an interpreter, but, as the idiom was found to be a different one, he served only to take care of the cows that were brought for the purpose of raising a stock of cattle. The said expedition came on toward this port."

In his famous speech, made on the occasion of the centennial of the founding of the Mission, in 1876, John Dwinelle continued the story.

"The land expedition arrived first, and encamped at a pond called Dolores, a short distance east of the present site of the Mission. This spot was known as the Willows, in 1849 and afterwards, and was graded and filled in about 10 years ago (1866), occupying most of the tract inclosed by Seventeenth, Nineteenth, Valencia and Howard streets.

"As soon as the expedition arrived, the Missionaries commenced their labors. The registers of

baptisms, marriages and burials which they began bear date on the 1st day of August; but the Presidio was not founded until the 17th day of September, nor the Mission until the 8th day of October, 1776.

STORY OF NEW COLONY

"As, among the Greeks and the Romans, the new colony was founded by tracing out with a furrow the proposed limits of the suburbs; by erecting the statue of its tutelary deity; by the scattering of corn and the pouring out of oil and wine; so, with equal solemnity, but with a higher and deeper religious sentiment, on the 8th day of October, 1776, the pious missionaries planted the cross at the Mission of Dolores, chanted the first mass, and consecrated the soil to Christianity and civilization. As they then intended that the Mission which they thus founded should become the future town, and as they chose that date for the performance of the official act which gave a birth, a name and a practical existence to our city, we must accept their choice, and date the anniversary of our founding from the 8th day of October, 1776. On that day, and by that act, the Mission church, the orchards and the cemetery became the property of the Catholic Church, by a title which is by far the oldest title to land in the city."

BOAT SAILS ON TWENTY-FIRST

The foundation of the Mission and Presidio having been completed, the packet boat sailed on the 21st for San Blas. During its stay in the port the commander (Quiros) had lent all the aid possible to the Mission in getting a carpenter

and some sailors to help in the construction of doors and windows for the church and house of the missionary father, also in the building of the altar, as well as many other things. Not satisfied with all this, Captain Quiros left four of his crew to work as day laborers on the buildings that were being erected and on the tilling of the ground, which was immediately commenced.

September 30, 1924.

TWO PUEBLOS MADE ONE BY CONNECTING HIGHWAY

The Mission district, as a possible part of San Francisco, began to attract attention about 1850. Up to that time it had been a separate little community, about two miles south of the pueblo of Yerba Buena, as San Francisco, until 1847, was called. The name was changed to San Francisco by Washington Bartlett, the first American alcalde, when it was rumored that General Vallejo was about to call a settlement, which he had started up the bay, Francesca, after Senora Vallejo.

The name of the little pueblo was changed to San Francisco. Benicia was given the other name of the general's wife, and San Francisco, on the already well-known San Francisco Bay, became the established port of entry.. The town had been laid out in 1839 by Captain John Vioget, and by 1845 boasted of 150 people.

PADRES ABLE AND INDUSTRIOUS

The Mission, as was usual with the old Spanish settlements, composite always of three

separate parts--religious, civil and military--had gone its way independent of the pueblo and of the Presidio after the first years of its establishment.

The Franciscans were able agriculturists, and at one time the Mission boasted 20,000 head of cattle, 3,000 horses and 30,000 sheep, besides broad fields of grain and important exports of hides and tallow.

Never did the good fathers neglect their spiritual duties, though, and by 1810 there had been 3896 baptisms in the quaint little church. By 1831 there were records of nearly 7,000 baptisms.

MISSIONS SUFFER IN MEXICO UPRISING

The years between 1831 and 1836 were the most prosperous, and then came the Mexican revolution and the overthrow of the Missions, for they held title under the Spanish king. The cattle were stolen, property destroyed and the Indians dispersed through fear and political disturbances.

In the years following, until 1849, only 468 baptisms took place, and nine-tenths of those were Indians. The remainder were Californians or immigrants and their descendants, generally from Mexico.

CAME THEN GOLD AND AN IN-POURING

When the gold rush turned the sleepy little pueblo into a roaring city in 1849, and the houses began to creep westward and south from the waterfront, the Mission still was the nucleus of a separate little settlement. Even as late as 1852, the little historical sketch in the city

directory of that date, issued by James M. Parker, with offices in Parson's New Building, Nos. 138 and 140 Clay street, rhapsodizes of the Mission as being a remote vision of peaceful and bucolic calm.

The writer imagined himself on Telegraph Hill, central point of observation in those days. "Turning to the south, you look down on the busy city, whose tumultuous din rings steadily in your ear; the Mission Dolores in a charming little valley beyond, backed by graceful hills, the southern arms of the bay lost in the horizon, and the dim and distant coast range of mountains running parallel on the coast.

VICTORY IS SCORED BY ANNEXATIONISTS

By 1850 the district seemed likely eventually to become a part of San Francisco. The scattered settlers divided on the subject, and, while some were for annexation, others held violent anti-annexation meetings. The directory of 1852 specified the numbers of Mission, Folsom and Howard streets only as far as Fifth street. The directory of 1850 doesn't mention Mission street at all. The value of annexation appears to have triumphed, however, and the building of the first street along Mission had much to do with it.

The winter of 1849-50 had been one of a most disconcerting wetness. From November until March it rained steadily. For 79 days of that period the heavens opened and the rain poured down. The streets, suddenly called upon to care for thousands, where hundreds had been only a year before, became impassable morasses.

Only the agile could attempt to navigate the oases of boxes and sacks of spoiled merchandise with which the frantic merchants sought to make the mud less engulfing.

EVEN SHOES WERE MIRED IN OOZE

One writer facetiously remarked that not only did passengers from the ships leave their shoe polish behind in the mud, but shoes as well.

When the winter ended, and the sun shone again, plans for the paving of the streets began to be projected. Labor was scarce and lumber was rather plentiful, for no one had time to do much permanent building, and the lumber had been accumulating from mills long operating in the coast towns.

And so the streets were paved with planks.

They required no special preparation, and could be put down over almost any reasonably even surface by any sort of labor. By the fall of 1850, quite a number of the downtown streets had been covered with pine.

MEASURE PASSED DESPITE ITS VETO

On November 18, 1850, an ordinance regarding the plank road to Mission Dolores, which previously had been carried in the Board of Aldermen by a two-thirds vote, passed that body by a constitutional majority, notwithstanding certain objections of the Mayor and his consequent veto.

The Mission, two miles and a quarter from the Plaza, was a place of common resort for the citizens, but the road was sandy and difficult of travel, especially for vehicles, and the cost of carriage consequently was great.

A load of hay, for instance, moved from the Mission to the city, cost about \$20.

The road was part of the way to San Jose, too, the capital of the State at that time.

FIGURED TOLLS WOULD BE RICH

In the summer of 1850, Colonel Charles L. Wilson conceived the plan of laying a plank road from Kearney street to the Mission, and made a proposal to that effect to the common council. He offered to build the road, a tremendous enterprise because of the high price of lumber and labor, on condition that he be allowed to collect certain rates of toll from those using it, and that he should have the exclusive right-of-way for a term of 10 years, at the expiration of which the entire improvements were to revert to the city.

An ordinance to grant Colonel Wilson the privilege he asked readily passed one of the boards of aldermen, but it was a long time before he obtained the concurrence of the other, and not even then until it was so modified that seven years only were allowed the proprietor for the use of the road, and only five months granted for the completion of the work.

ALL ADMITTED IMPORTANCE OF IT

The importance of the undertaking was admitted on all sides. The chief objection was based on the assumption that the city should rather build the road at its own expense and reap the large profits which it was supposed would be the result. This was, at that time, impossible, for the city was upward of a million and a half in debt, and without the slightest prospect of being able for years to defray even its current expenses.

Having obtained the consent of the council, Colonel Wilson next met with a formidable obstacle in the veto of the mayor, who, after keeping the ordinance the full time allowed him, returned it unapproved. Over this objection the council again adopted the ordinance, almost unanimously. But the veto had its effect, and several who had promised financial support became alarmed over the question of the legality of the procedure and withdrew their proffered aid.

WILSON HAD TO DIG FOR "SINEWS"

Colonel Wilson was left to find the funds for himself or abandon the project. He wasn't at all daunted, but, after proceeding far enough to guarantee the completion of the project, he went to the capital and obtained an act confirming the action of the council.

This renewed confidence, and he sold a half interest in the undertaking and thus obtained funds for carrying it on.

Like everything else in San Francisco in those days, there was great excitement attached to the building of the plank road, for on the very last day allowed under the ordinance for the completion of the work, loaded wagons passed on the road from the Mission to the town.

PLANK HIGHWAY BIG IMPROVEMENT

The planked way proved of the greatest service to San Francisco, and the property through which it passed increased immensely in value for building purposes. Another similar road was built out Folsom street almost at once by the company and also proved a great success.

In the city directory of 1854 the company advertised stock for sale. The display type sets

forth that the firm was known as the San Francisco and Mission Dolores Plank Road Company, organized on November 19, 1850, with a capital stock of \$300,000.

James C. Ward was president and Henry Baker secretary. The directors were James C. Ward, H. W. Halleck, A. P. Crittenden, Charles L. Case and P. W. Van Winkle.

CHARTER THEN IS EXTENDED

The Mission road was two and one-quarter miles long and the Folsom two and one-eighth. The former was completed on July 25, 1851, and the Folsom Road on November 14, 1853. The charter extended for eight years from March 7th, 1853. The office of the company was at 174 Montgomery street.

October 1, 1924.

MISSION FAMED IN FIFTIES FOR FINE THINGS IT OFFERED TO EAT

The Mansion House, kept by Bob Ridley and C. V. Stuart in the days before the plank road to the Mission was built, already was a mecca for the seekers of the delectable milk punch.

The report was in a part of the old Mission building, long since demolished, and the veranda rail made a fine hitching post for horses of the visitors.

Few there were who dared venture out the sandy road with any sort of wheeled conveyance, but the horses made it without any trouble.

The Valencias, the Noes, the Guerreros and the De Haro and Bernal families all lived near the Mission, as did Charley Brown, who had come to the pueblo in 1829, and Dennison and Nuttman of Stevenson's famous regiment.

Jack Powers used to ride up on his fine horse, his black hair and beard and his elaborate equipment of saddle and silver-mounted bridle making a splendid picture.

MANY'LL RECALL DR. A.J.BOWIE

There was a second road to the Mission. It ran along Kearny street, turning by Caryll's stable, up Bush street to the hill, past Judge Burritt's charming house at Sutter and Stockton streets, later occupied by Lucien Burritt and by Dr. A. J. Bowie, one of the notables in the early days of the city.

The road continued down Stockton street across Sutter, Post, Geary and O'Farrell and to Ellis past John Sullivan's cottage into St. Anne's alley, with its gardens and hothouses, then past some charcoal burners' huts and clumps of scrub oak to the hospitable houses of Colonel Thomas Hayes, a long, white house in a sheltered vale, where wayfarers always stopped to rest..

Then the road crossed a brook edged by willows across the Hamen tract, and down McClaren's lane to Mission creek.

The little brook was the same that later deflected in its course, ran through Woodward's gardens for the delight of the pelicans and the pink-billed swans.

AT YE SIGN OF YE GRIZZLY

The "Grizzly" roadhouse was identified by a little cinnamon bear chained outside which constantly waved itself back and forth at the end of its tether. The place stood at the curve of the road, just before one reached the cottages of R. G. Page, C. R. Peters and E. H. Parker.

The tollgate of the Mission plank road was at Third street, on the west side, near Stevenson street. Opposite the Howard cottage, where the Howard Presbyterian Church was built later, there was a lagoon, dry in summer, but deep enough to drown an unwary traveler in the wet season.

Near Sixth street there was a bridge across a wide marsh about where the Postoffice Building now stands. Across the road was the entrance to Yerba Buena Cemetery, which took in most of the present Civic Center. Nearly opposite the gate was the residence of C. V. Gillespie.

MANY LAUGHS WERE HAD AT PIPESVILLE

Just beyond was the little band box house of Stephen Massett, beloved newspaper humorist of the time, whose writing name, Jeems Pipes, was known to the whole city. He labeled his little house Pipesville, and it was the gathering place of many a gay group of good fellows.

MacClaren's Hotel, on the lane leading from the Mission, was a delightful place to go to after the turmoil of the city. Oddly enough, the old-timers were attracted, not by any concoction of the bartender's skill, but by the fine butter and sweet bread always available there. It seemed odd to think men would ride a mile or so to get a slice of bread and butter, but after a siege of the firkin product imported across the seas from Australia, or even Europe, fresh-churned butter was not least among the great luxuries. The place later was the residence of George Wright, and following that became the location of the famous Woodward's Gardens.

RUSS GARDENS A-T THE BIG BEND

Russ' Gardens, sometimes known as the City Gardens, made a sort of beer garden, dear to the

hearts of the homesick ones from the Fatherland. The place was on Folsom street not far from where the great turn is made at Thirteenth.

It was in May 1852, that the district school in the Mission was organized. The school opened on November 1, with 50 pupils, in a little house, 16 by 25 feet near the old Mission. The city paid a rental of \$40 a month for the place. The first teacher was Alfred Rix, whose salary was \$150 a month. The men teachers got that stipend. The women teachers had to be content with \$100. Apparently the chivalry of the pioneer days did not extend to matters of salary.

"MISSION" QUITE A SCHOOL DISTRICT

The Mission School district, numbered 7, took in all the territory south of Pipe street and west of Leavenworth. C. J. Brenham was president of the Board of Education. J. P. Selby, W. H. Bovee, General John Wilson, R. H. Waller, T. J. Nevins (Clerk of the board and superintendent of public schools) were the members of the body. By 1856 the school had 97 pupils, and Thomas C. Leonard was principal.

The first orphan asylum was organized in February, 1851. The orphans of the city had been housed in the Almshouse, along with all the adult indigents, sick, feeble-minded and insane, and the good women of the city were anxious to help the poor little children to a better chance for health and care.

The first building was a cottage, brought with 24 similar ones from Boston on the good ship Oxnard, Captain Cole, master, in November 1849. They were all fitted, the pieces numbered and then knocked down and crated, and set up in San Francisco after the long trip "around the Horn".

THERE ARRIVED THEN READY-MADE HOUSES

It seems like bringing coals to Newcastle nowadays to bring any kind of lumber to the Pacific coast from the East, but labor and mills for anything but the roughest handling of wood were non-existent in pioneer days.

William D. M. Howard bought the lot, and three were set up on the Mission road. Howard, Mells and Brannan each took one and lived in it with his family.

The cottage that became the orphan asylum was set up on the Sans Souci road (named for the old Sans Souci house) near Mission Dolores. Another building was completed in March, 1854 costing \$30,000. Miss Adams was matron. The board of management in 1854 comprised Mrs. R. H. Waller, president and Mrs. F. W. Macondray, Mrs. W. J. Pardee and Mrs. C. V. Gillespie. The trustees were Frederick Billings and F. W. Macondray, who was president of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, which had been organized May 1, 1850, and incorporated November 3, 1851.

October 2, 1924.

WOODWARD'S GARDEN IS BOON FOR MISSION

R. B. Woodward was a most remarkable man. He had ideas, carried them out, and managed to amass a fortune through the public's appreciation of his attitude toward it.

His first important venture was the "What Cheer House," though he had run several eating places prior to that.

The What Cheer House was one of California's famous hostelries and included one of the finest restaurants in that early period "when Market street was wood, and half the town was restaurants, and all of them were good."

The What Cheer prices were reasonable, the rooms immaculate and every convenience that could be established for the comfort of the guests was provided.

Some of the old-timers remember with marveling that an excellent veal-cutlet, breaded, might be obtained for 15 cents.

The first library to be established in the city was the property of Woodward, and Charles B. Turrill, indefatigable collector of San Francisco, has one of the old book plates and a title page of one of the old books.

EVERYTHING HAS O.K. RECORDS

The library was made up of excellent literature and was not at all loaded with frothy trash..

Woodward's city house was built on an extensive lot between Valencia, Mission and Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, in a well laid-out garden.

The family home was at Oak Knoll, in Napa County, and Woodward was looking for a purchaser for the Mission street property.

Charles Turrill, in the spring of 1865, was walking with his father past the Woodward place and tried to persuade him to buy the residence.

Turrill says now that he isn't sorry, because if he had gone there to live, Woodward's Gardens, delight of old and young in the adolescent days of San Francisco, would never have been built.

HERE WAS WHERE RED CROSS BEGAN

In 1866 the ladies of the Sanitary Corps, the prototype of the Red Cross of these days, wanted to hold a picnic for the benefit of the wounded and needy soldiers of the Civil War.

Woodward gave them the grounds for the event, and it was a "whopper."

Perhaps this gave Woodward the idea of making a permanent playground of the place, for almost at once he began the construction of Woodward's Gardens.

The good man is gone the way of all flesh, and his monument in Laurel Hill Cemetery is one of the most carefully tended, but his real monument is in the memories of the boys and girls who are telling their grandchildren now how they enjoyed themselves in the famous gardens.

WHAT WE ASK OF WHAT CHEER

The library of the What Cheer House was moved to the keeper's lodge at the gate of the gardens and became a sort of circulating library for the people of the Mission, the first public library in the city.

When the place was demolished in the '90s, Adolph Sutro purchased the collection of books and it is now part of his famous library.

The museum of Woodward's was housed in the old residence and contained many interesting specimens, notably the collection of stuffed birds and animals.

Woodward had an arrangement with Taxidermist Larkin that the collection of Larkin was shown at the museum as well as the Woodward group.

Small boys wondered at the specimens, each carefully labeled with the Latin and the common name of the bird, and tried to guess what the conspicuous "L" and "W" on the several labels meant.

BARRON KEEPS AT HIS WORK

The initials stood for Larkin and Woodward, of course.

When the museum was demolished together with the rest of the gardens, the Larkin collection

went to the museum in the Park, where George Barron tenderly is arranging it, and the Woodward collection may still be seen at the Sutro Baths.

Most of the art gallery remains in the family home at Oak Knoll, where Woodward's grandson, Drury Malone Jr., still is living. His mother was Woodward's daughter.

The paintings in the Woodward gallery were many of them excellent, among them several by the noted artist, Norton Bush, who loved to picture the tropics. There were a number of copies of famous pictures made by Virgil Williams when he was studying in Rome.

Two of the pictures aroused much comment, for they were of a remarkable composition.

The huge gold frames, labelled, "In the Tropics," were pictures of luxuriant tropical foliage.

The lighting was excellent, and it was only on close examination that the observer could determine that the "pictures" were only cleverly arranged openings into the conservatory just beyond the gallery.

A little creek wound through the grounds and terminated in a shallow, round lake.

Here was the famous circular boat, propelled by sails, and fixed on a frame of iron like a huge wheel. You could pull an oar if you desired.

On the hill toward Twelfth street was a kiosk, where parrots, monkeys and other small creatures lived in a noisy "Happy Family."

ROLLER SKATING THEN "THE HIT"

On the line of Valencia street was the skating pavilion, where the first roller skates in the city were tried out.

The instructor was a beautiful youth in black tights, with medals dangling from his chest, and unbelievably agile on his shapely legs.

A little newspaper, called the "Roller Skater," was published on the grounds.

The pavilion stood for a long time after the gardens had passed on, and until the fire of 1906 was the scene of some of the city's ring contests and other athletic events.

There was a tunnel under Fourteenth street, which led to the amphitheater across the street. The camels held forth there, and the larger monkeys and such other animals as were brought from strange climes.

When one died Woodward had him stuffed and put in the museum, properly labelled.

DON'T YOU RECALL THAT BIG BALLOON

In the amphitheater were held the athletic contests and the balloon ascensions.

One performer used to come down a spiral chute, balancing himself on a ball.

On the Fourteenth and Valencia side of the gardens was the seal pond where the "barking solves" held their well-attended receptions.

Just in front of the tunnel under the street was the building housing the aquarium, the first salt water affair of its kind in the United States.

The water was carted in from the ocean in barrels and aerated in the tanks. Half the tanks were fresh water, and half salt.

The upper of the building was devoted to displays of photographs by Watkins, photographer of the early days.

Around the grounds were many marble statues, some of them excellent, and on a pedestal was an heroic

bust of George Washington, first effigy of the father of his country to be displayed in the city.

The Willows, beloved of Bret Harte, made a park between Valencia and Mission and Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets.

It was an amusement park, but not of the scope of Woodward's Gardens, nor of the Woodward popularity.

But the poet has made "The Willows" famous in his poem of the Australian Emu.

"O, say, have you seen, at the Willows
 so green,
 So charming and rurally true,
 A singular bird with a manner absurd,
 Which they call the Australian Emu
 Have you
 Ever seen the Australian emu

October 3, 1924.

MANY SURE TO RECALL THAT
 CONVENIENT CAR TICKET

The rapid increase of the population of the city resulted very early in the establishment of regular lines of transportation.

San Franciscans have never stopped at ordinary limits in the matter of street car service, and have added not a little to the world knowledge of how to carry a large number of people up and down hills and over long distances with the best mechanical facilities.

The first cable car road ever built in the world was established in this city. It ran over the Clay street hill in 1872.

After the plank road to the Mission had become established it was natural that some enterprising individual should take advantage of the roadbed to run conveyances.

In 1852, two years after the building of the road, the yellow omnibus line, horse-pulled, of course, was started by the proprietors, Crimm and Bowman.

FIRST REGULAR PUBLIC CARRIER

This, incidentally, was the first regular public line to be established in the city.

The busses ran between the post office, at Kearney and Clay streets, and the Mission Dolores, via Kearney, Third and Mission.

The headway was 20 minutes, and the fare was 50 cents on weekdays and \$1 on Sundays.

Two years later the second omnibus line was put in operation to the Mission Dolores by the same company, via Folsom and Sixteenth streets.

Opposition came with the increasing traffic. In 1857 a rival bus began to run, called the Red Line, or People's, with a 30 minute headway to the Mission and a 10-minute headway between North Beach and South Park.

Then came a whole flock of omnibus lines, and by 1862 the routes became much more extensive and the fares, salaries of drivers and other such matters, became quite standard.

The fares were reduced to a flat 10 cents. Drivers were paid \$2.50 for a 12 hour day. In that year the receipts of the Red Line were \$66,000 and the operating expenses only \$10,000 less.

CITY THEN HAD 50,000 PEOPLE

There were 50,000 people in the city by that time and the traffic was getting far too heavy for omnibus lines to handle.

Beside having the first omnibus line in the city, the Mission can boast of the first street car, too.

In 1857 the Legislature granted Thomas Hayes a franchise for the first street railway in San-Francisco, to run along Market street from

California and out to the Mission Dolores.

The San Francisco-Market Street Railroad Company- how the old-timers did love long titles - took over the franchise, graded Market Street, and built the line in 1860.

Operated first by steam dummy power, later horses were used.

Incidentally, the first street railroad to operate in England was established at about this time.

By 1863 the line had been extended to the water front on Market street, and to Twenty-fifth and Valencia streets.

The Omnibus Railroad Company, offspring of the People's or "Red Line", incorporated almost immediately after the Market street line began to cut into the revenues, and built a line approximating the route of the old bus routes.

The Yellow Omnibus Company, also incorporated, built another line along its old route of travel in 1861.

WOODWARD'S GOT 'EM ALL RIDING

With the establishment of Woodward's Gardens, the City Railroad was brought into being to carry patrons back and forth from the famous resort.

The original line started from Second and Mission streets, but was extended from time to time to Twenty-sixth and Mission and to the ferry, and to Dupont and Bush via Fifth and Market streets.

It was at the same time that the first train operated between Mission Dolores and the San Francisquito creek by the San Francisco and San Jose Railway Company, which ran four trains daily.

Later the line terminated at Market and Valencia, and up to 1868, when the city fathers decided that steam trains on Market street were no longer fitting, the line landed passengers in front of the Palace Hotel.

By 1866 all franchises specified a 5-cent fare on horse car lines, but the companies managed to raise the fares to four for 25 cents, following a court decision allowing them to add the federal tax to their charges.

Then followed the first great boom of real estate in the city, with the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad across the continent in 1869. Franchises were granted to speculators in real estate, who planned great things for remote subdivisions. Most of the lines were never built.

"FASHIONABLE EFFEMINANCY."

It was in 1875 that the delightful person who issued the city directory of that year wrote a comment on the horse car as it was at that time.

"It is hardly too much to say that the modern horse car is among the most indispensable conditions of modern metropolitan growth. It is to a city what the steam car and steamship lines are to the state and the country.

"In these modern days of fashionable effeminacy and flabby feebleness, which never walks when it can possibly ride, the horse car virtually fixes the ultimate limits of suburban growth."

There was a gorgeous rate war in 1873, and the fare on the street cars dropped to eight tickets for 25 cents.

Two years an agreement was reached by which all the lines in the city, save the Clay street cable, should charge a standard rate of four tickets for 25 cents.

The dime was the smallest coin in circulation in San Francisco in those days. The nickel and the penny had not arrived.

Again the Mission was first with a new kind of transportation.

The first electric line in the city was built by Behrend Joost, of whom we wrote in the Eureka Valley story.

It ran from the corner of Steuart and Market streets to the county line, via Steuart, Harrison, Fourteenth and Guerrero and San Jose avenue.

TAKEN OVER BY BALTIMORE FUNDS

The road did not pay expenses, unfortunately, and failed, but it was later rehabilitated and extended to the Holy Cross cemetery, and over the present Harrison and Eighteenth street "switch-back line."

The line was originally built in 1891. In 1900 the system was purchased by the so-called "Baltimore Syndicate" for \$1,200,000, and formed the nucleus of the present United Railroads system.

One more "first" was given to the Mission district in the matter of transportation, for after the great disaster of 1906 the Sixteenth and Fillmore line was the first to be operated, and was an important factor in aiding the miraculous rebuilding of the city.

October 4, 1924

The centennial celebration of the founding of the Mission Dolores was a great event, not only in the history of the district, but the whole city. All the notables took part, and there was a wonderful parade. In two years more, the 150th anniversary of the Mission will be celebrated, and it will be interesting to recall how the affair was

managed 48 years ago in, 1876.

The three principal speeches of the day are often quoted for historical reference, and the orators were the beloved Archbishop Alemany, long since gone to his reward, the Hon. John W. Dwinelle, author of that incomparable History of California, a copy of which the true bibliophile will handle with reverence and which the libraries keep under lock and key if they are fortunate enough to own a copy, and General Vallejo, last of the dashing hidalgos of the days of the padres.

PONTIFICAL MASS

The celebration began with a Grand Pontifical Mass at the old Mission Church, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connell, Bishop of Marysville, officiating as celebrant. Beneath a tasteful arch, adorned with ferns and flowers, the temporary altar was erected.

Besides the distinguished clergy who attended the ceremony were a host of State and city officials, among them Governor William Irwin, Mayor A. J. Bryant, Hon. T. B. Shannon, collector of the port, Hon. John M. Coghlan, United States District Attorney. About 5000 persons were present.

The choir was under the direction of Professor William Toepke, then organist of St. Mary's Cathedral. The soloists were Miss Kate Eishon and Mrs. R. Uhrig, sopranos - Mrs. William Toepke and Mrs. O. Borreman, altos - Messrs. Borreman and Doshier, bassos..

Archbishop Alemany then made his celebrated address, reviewing the history of the Mission Dolores from the ecclesiastical standpoint.

PROCESSION STARTS

The divine service concluded, the procession started, led by a platoon mounted police and six

trumpeters of the United States Army.

"In the same ranks of the parade marched shoulder to shoulder the descendants of the Conquistadores of old Spain, the Pioneers of the Eastern States and the sons of the Catholic Island of the West - and for the first time since O'Neil, O'Donnell, Blake, O'Reilly O'Donohu, the last viceroy of the Spanish crown in the new world, Spanish soldiers of Spanish blood were mustered under the baton of an Irish grand marshal."

The quotation is from a contemporary account of the celebration. James R. Kelly was the grand marshal in question and wore a gorgeous regalia of white and yellow scarf, gold stars and fringe, American shield, red, white and blue rosettes, hat trimmed with gold lace cord and acorns, gold stars and a black and white plume. The chief aides were Hon. John Hamill and Hon. John M. Burnett, with regalia of red scarf, gold stars and white fringe, red, white and blue rosettes, red and white plume. The chief of staff, P. J. Sullivan, was gay in a red and white scarf, trimmed with gold stars and fringe and a fine red plume in his hat.

LIST OF AIDES

I cannot resist printing all the names of the aides, for they made almost a roster of the prominent in the city at that time. They wore white scarves, trimmed with gold and silver, red, white and blue rosettes and white plumes. The list included:

A. H. Loughborough, J. T. Ryan, Daniel Sheerin, John H. Blaney, Honorable Michael Hawkins, Dr. L. Pawlicki, F. X. Kast, John Sullivan, J. J. O'Brien, John Kelly Jr., J. P. Landers, Jeremiah H. Sullivan, W. T. Ryan, Stephen McGilan, John Reynolds, Nicholas Sweeney, Louis S. Kast, Denis Mahoney, James Regan,

William Sullivan, P. J. Sullivan, M. C. Hassett, William Bamber, John B. Lewis, John Shea, L. Ryan, Carroll Cook, H. Gadsby, John Fitzgerald, Thomas Kearney, Dr. F. A. A. Belinge, M. J. Kast, Michael Kane, M. D. Connolly, P. J. Tobin, Mathew Sullivan, Edward Patten, Patrick Gallagher, J. W. McCormick, Frank Reilly, Alfred R. Kelly, C. Curtin, Thomas Pendergast, W. D. O'Sullivan, Bernard Patten, Peter Mulloy, P. H. McInerney, Charles B. Mahon, Henry Wempe, B. Dryer, James Badger, Eugene Hughes, Nicholas Wynne, Isidro Velazco, John Hill, P. J. Thomas, M. Byrne, Edward J. Buckley, Vincent Buckley, J. F. Sullivan, W. T. Sullivan, W. A. Plunkett, H. A. Owen, John F. Reilly, David Landers, Charles F. Hanlon, Patrick Cummins, Carlos Gaxiola, J. M. Tinoco, Eusebio Molera, Juan Cebrian, M. Noe, M. Short, Honorable Herman Ranken, Dr. Francis O'Kane, Martin J. Aguirre, Master George Horan, Robert Sullivan, Patrick Tobin, John L. Murphy, Denis Lynch, F. C. Belden, James Hatch, John C. McDonnell, D. Sweeney, A. J. Griffith, T.J. Powers, Thomas D. Reardon, J. J. Donovan, P. F. Butler, James Brennan, M. J. Egan, Thomas J. Sheerin, J. B. Lawton, J. J. McDonnell, John O'Kane, Martin Quinlan, P. J. Galpin, J. H. Dougherty, J. M. Har- rald, J. J. McKinnon, William J. Boerman, August Tillman,, D. M. Dunne, Thomas McGrath, John Dalton, Thomas D. Riley, T. J. Reardon, Charles Duane, William Higgins, and David L. Mahoney.

The trumpets sounded the advance and the procession moved along Dolores to Sixteenth street, thence to Valencia, Market and Kearny streets, and the old Plaza, now known as Portsmouth Square. The counter march was by the right to Market and Eighth streets and the Mechanics Pavilion, on Mission and Eighth streets.

Governor Irwin reviewed the parade at this point, and then the crowd entered the pavilion, and the governor was introduced as president of the day. More than 11,000 people gathered in the old building. The band played "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," and

the "Star Spangled Banner," and the program commenced. Grand Marshall Kelly introduced the Governor in a golden speech, and the chief officer of the State made a short address. Then P. B. Oliver read a poem, written for the occasion by Miss Harriet M. Skidmore, beginning,

"Tis well to ring the pealing
bells,
And sing the joyous lay,
And make this glad Centennial
Year,
One gleeful gala day."

STORY OF MISSION

Then Hon. John Dwinelle spoke in his scholarly legal manner, "amid frequent bursts of applause", telling the story of the founding of the Mission from the great store of historical learning at his command. When he finished, General Vallejo spoke in Spanish, in beautifully rounded sentences, and told the tale again as a descendant of the old dons.

At the conclusion of the exercises at the pavilion, Archbishop Alemany and Bishop O'Connell, escorted by the grand marshal's aides, proceeded in carriages back to the Mission Dolores, where the corner-stone of the new church was laid. The structure was duly built, of brick with stone facings, but, alas for modern architecture, the earthquake felled it, while the little dome building alongside came through the peril safely.

Perhaps it was just as well, for a really beautiful structure, forming itself into an exquisite place of worship under the sure hand of Father Sullivan, has risen on the site in these later days.

GREAT SUCCESS

According to the papers of the day, "the entire affair was a great success."

The celebration was carried off, according to the press, "with such order maintained, that not a single accident occurred by reason of the crowded condition of the streets and sidewalks; not a single incident was noticed to mar the harmony of the occasion."

(Monday, the story of how Mrs. Richardson came to this country for a month's visit and stayed 58 years, 54 of them in the Mission District.)

October 6, 1924.

LEGAL JUSTICE WAS BACKED WITH
HARD FISTS IN OLD DAYS

James Richardson had the distinction of being probably the first gasfitter in San Francisco. He had come to the mines in '58 and worked ground on the Frazer river. He came back to the city with his mother, who was widowed, and went to work for the firm of McNally and Hawkins, a pioneer plumbing house on Market street. They had their shop where the Crocker Bank now stands, and across the street was the sand bank that afterward was the site of of the Palace Hotel. Later he was employed by J. K. Pryor and Co., also on Market street, and after that he worked for Snook, under whose direction he put in the gas fittings for the Crocker Art gallery in the city of Sacramento. After that he set up in business for himself and prospered. He passed on 11 years ago.

SAVES \$44 IN ELEVEN MONTHS

Mrs. James Richardson was Mary Elizabeth Grace when she went to Hamilton, in Canada, for a month's visit with relatives, from Ireland, where her mother expected her return. Mary Grace was all of 18 and pretty, but she had courage, too, and decided to go to work for herself there on the new continent. She found a job at \$4 a month, and in 11 months she had saved \$44. Then Mrs. Ellen O'Mara, an old friend who had gone to San Francisco, sent her \$100 and an invitation to come to the new city. After a meditation of a day or so, the girl decided to undertake the adventure, and she set sail for the Isthmus of Panama, and after crossing on the railroad, she sailed for the Golden Gate on the S. S. San Francisco, and arrived here in the fall of '66. Mrs. O'Meara had a place waiting for her in the household of Father O'Neil, pastor of the St. Francis Church on Vallejo street.

Later when her health failed a little, she went to Hayward, and stayed for about four years. She had saved her money, and planned to go back to Ireland for a visit to her mother. She had been visiting a Mrs. Sarah Richardson who lived on Alemany street, now Abbey, for a week or so, and had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Richardson's son, James.

MARRIES INSTEAD OF LEAVING CITY

One day she was walking with a friend on Market street, past St. Ignatius College, where the Emporium is now and they had been to a photographer and had pictures taken, little snapshots, as a sort of keepsake. The girls looked across the street and there was Jimmie Richardson, looking over at them. He crossed the street and was told that Mary Grace was planning to go back to Ireland. His face fell, and Mary, to comfort him, reached into her pocket, for women didn't carry purses then, and showed him the little photograph. He asked if he might keep it, and Mary Grace looked into his eyes, and said he might, and added that the original of the picture might be his also. And so instead of going to Ireland the girl was married to Jimmie Richardson in the old Mission Dolores, by Father Cushing, just 54 years ago. They went to live on Seventeenth street in a little cottage with a lovely garden in the front, and there Mrs. Richardson still makes her home in a new building, while her children and her children's children surround her with love and bask in the love that she gives back to them. There were 10 children in all, five boys and five girls. They all grew up, but two of them, a boy and a girl, have joined their father in the great beyond. Twelve grandchildren, all living in San Francisco, a fine, sturdy brood, keep the family without fear of dying out. The eight surviving children have always made their homes in the beloved city by the Golden Gate, and most of them in the Mission district.

USED MILK WAGON TO BATTLE FIRE

Ignatius, the baby of the family, 13 years ago, was elected to the State Assembly. He was only 21 at the time, and the youngest assemblyman ever to go to Sacramento. Another son, Ed, a fireman then, was one of the most heroic workers in the fight against the great fire of 1906. With a milk wagon from next door, and the milk cans, and water from the laundry tank nearby, he soaked the buildings around the Mission Dolores, and started the backfire that saved the old structure from the ravaging flames. After the fire had subsided, Mrs. Richardson constituted herself a sort of temporary mother to most of the police force and the firemen, and she would cook 50 pounds of stew at a time in the temporary kitchen on the sidewalk, and fed all that came, and those that had no other shelter might sleep under her roof while there was floor space for one more.

POPULATION ON UPWARD TREND

By 1870, quite a number of folks had joined the little settlement of homes around the Mission Dolores. There were grain fields and Italian vegetable gardens from the Mission to Haight street, on the north, and the country south was still devoted largely to the ubiquitous milk ranches. Little homes, and some more pretentious, were gradually growing along the principal streets, though "Mission Dolores" was still the address of all that lived in the neighborhood, for the streets were neither cut through nor numbered, only laid out on the maps. There were several old adobe houses dating from the Spanish days between Fifteenth and Sixteenth and Dolores and Guerrero. The Shewbridges lived in one of them, but most of them still housed the descendants of the Spanish days. Quinn's Hotel, on Dolores between Sixteenth and Seventeenth, built about '65, was burned and not rebuilt in 1875.

MANSION HOUSE WAS IN PRIME

The Mansion House, of course, was in its prime. Duveneck's Grocery, at the corner of Seventeenth and Dolores, part of which is still standing, probably one of the oldest places in the district except the Mission itself, was the objective of the ranchers even from beyond the hills. They came to buy their groceries and to swap yarns with the genial proprietor. The Notre Dame Convent was built. Woodward's Gardens was the delight of young and old. The Jewish Cemetery, between Church and Dolores, and Eighteenth and Twentieth, was on the hill where the children romped on the grass of the playground. They loved children, those fine old Israelites who came across the Atlantic in the early days seeking a new promised land. It is pleasant to think that happy youngsters are enjoying the sunshine and the kindly breezes of the valley and the hillside where the spirits of the good patriarchs may be watching over them.

The McCalls lived on Sixteenth street. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Hanson lived nearby. Ed O'Neill and his wife raised seven children on Dolores street near Seventeenth, and the Jim Mackeys lived on Dolores. Some of the people who were nearby were the Gadsbys, the Fogartys, the Lathams. Ed O'Connor, cashier now in the tax office, and the McGeoghans. William Edes, who had made his start digging wells for the pioneers built him a fine mansion on Seventeenth and Dolores. Claus Spreckels had a fine house on Howard between Sixteenth and Seventeenth. Mrs. Maison lived on Seventeenth, near Guerrero. Farmer, an old bachelor who raised chickens, and boarded with two maiden ladies named Little, is a pleasant memory to some of the old-timers of the district.

Henry Dorland, for whom the street is named, had a fine home on Dolores street. He was a justice of the peace, and the tale is told that once when he had rendered a decision, and the side that lost was disposed to grumble, he got down from his judicial seat, rolled up his sleeves, and defied anyone

to question the justice of his decision. History has it that the case was not appealed. Dorland has four sons, all valiant, Thomas, James, Robert and Henry. Robert's son was drowned when the old Walla Walla foundered.

TWO MAYORS IN McCOPPIN HOUSE

Two mayors lived in the house that ex-mayor Frank McCoppin built at Seventeenth and Valencia. It was the Phelan home afterward, and the big stone is still in place where the fashionables used to alight from their carriages, with the Phelan name graved on it.

The Mission creek ran clear up to Sixteenth and Harrison in those days, and the folks who lived around the Mission in the '70s used to swim in it, as far down as the old sugar refinery at Eighth and Brannan. That is, the boys did. It would appear that the boys did most of the swimming those days, and the girls were left out of that particular sport. The railroad ran on a trestle all the way to Third and Townsend.

Jose Cornelio Bernal, for whose family the Bernal Heights were named, still lives on the site of the lovely old Spanish house on Seventeenth and Church. The little bit of garden in the back of the apartment house called the Cornelia and the shaft of marble in the Dolores cemetery are all that remain of the old days of the Bernals. The house was built in the old style with a patio and wide verandas.

USED MARSH FOR DUCK SHOOTING

Captain Dennison's home was on Seventeenth between Dolores and Guerrero. His daughter, Blossom Dennison, married Frank Warren, veteran of the Spanish-American war, whose family, also old-timers, lived on Valencia. Jaques Hearne, the engineer, lived nearby, and the Fennells, whose children, Charles and Norah, did so much for the

restoration of the old Mission church in later years.

The National laundry, run by Taylor, was in the old brick building on Seventeenth street, and in the front Joseph Flack ran his butcher shop. There was a marsh at Eighteenth and Dolores, where the winter rains ran off into the little creek that found its way into the Mission creek. The boys of the neighborhood used to shoot ducks there. Peter Schadt, who used to have the peanut concession at Woodward's Gardens, is still living on Abbey street.

October 7, 1924.

1-HORSE WAGON WAS USED TO PATROL THE DISTRICT

Michael Fennell came with his brother in 1850. Four years later Mrs. Fennell joined him with the children. Charles Fennell was born in the house at Julian and Sixteenth that his father had built for his family. Fennell senior was a contractor and builder and worked on the State Capitol at Sacramento in '59, on the original court house at Santa Rosa, and in San Francisco built several of the engine houses for the volunteer fire companies that were by all odds the most picturesque social institutions in the early-day city. The fire company that protected the Mission district was called the Young America. The house was at Albion and Sixteenth and was built by the elder Fennell in '53. When the engine was brought from the Eastern manufacturer, there was a great celebration to welcome it. A drill was held at the old Nightingale saloon, and all the Missionites and lots of others turned out to make the escorting parade.

FIRST STATION WAS CALABOOSE

The first police station was called the calaboose by the inhabitants of the Mission district.



It was a sturdily built, thick walled little lock-up, where recalcitrants could be kept in durance pending the arrival of a conveyance to remove them to the more central jail. The first building was on Valencia and Sixteenth and when it was burned, the next one was built on the Center property on Sixteenth street. It was the water tanks on John Center's grounds that saved the Mission district when the great fire came and the city mains were destroyed by the earthquake. The first police officers were Andrew Brown, Platt, Hopkins, Mike Loftus, who came a little later, and Martin Fennell, uncle of Charles, who patrolled the whole district with a one-horse wagon in the '70s.

MANY FIGHTS AT VOTE TIME

There used to be gorgeous fights around election time. Many years later Sam Blythe wrote a wonderfully descriptive sentence about California. "Everything in California is politics except politics. That's personal." In early-day San Francisco, with a population made up of the hot-blooded youth of the pioneer days, and the vivid personalities of the outstanding public figures, when the dueling "code" was still a very important phase of political activity, election days were apt to take on all the general characteristics of warfare.

On the day of the second election of Abraham Lincoln, Charles Fennell was a little chap and wanted to get one of the election cards. There was a spirited engraving on them of the sinking of the Alabama by Kearsarge that had intrigued his childish eye. He ran into the street and almost under the train of sand cars that Frank McCoppin was using to dump sand into the little valley where the Willows held forth. William Shear, whose father ran the Nightingale, ran out and pulled him from under.

RACE TRACKS IN MISSION

Those were the days of the race tracks in the Mission. There were the Pioneer race track, run

by John Treat, and the pear-shaped Union race track, run by Shear. Wilson's circus used to winter at the latter place, and the actors and riders made their headquarters at the Nightingale. It was a large place, at least 75 feet square, on the corner of Mission and Sixteenth. Directly next door was the home of William C. Hoff, whose daughter married Elisha Cook and became the mother of Judge Carroll Cook.

The elder Fennell edited the Workingman's Journal in the days of the Chinese agitation, when "Sandlot" Kearney was preaching anti-Orientalism on the highways and byways.

WORKED TO SAVE AGED CHURCH

Charles Fennell and his sister, Norah, who has passed on, worked arduously to preserve the old Mission Church, and Fennell has made elaborate studies with historical care to determine the exact location and outlines not only of the buildings that are known but of the original church, built of wooden slabs partly, and partly of rock, roofed with tule, which housed the padres until the present structure was completed. He has found the old Indian mound, with its typical clamshell deposits, and the original spring beside which he is sure that the first campsite was made.

October 8, 1924.

"NIGHTINGALE" FAMOUS CAFE OF THE OLD TIMES

One is inclined to think of the old-timers as never having been really young. The pioneers one visualizes as already bearded like the bard, and neglects to remember that an unshaven youth

of 20 is just as whiskered as a gray old man. If ever there was a place or if ever there was a time when youth held sway and age didn't count, it was in the early days of San Francisco, and because youth will always seek amusement, the record of the growth of the Mission district must be almost sung to a gay tune.

Even Bret Harte, that silent man of few friends, loved what he called the music of the "Nightingale." The Nightingale, of course, was not the kind that sang. It was a large and popular road house, kept by William Shear, at the northwest corner of Sixteenth and Mission streets, and probably most of the music was made by the guests under the influence of the bartender's art: but the Willows, an amusement park, was not far away, and there was a band there.

Bret Harte wrote of the Nightingale, and thus immortalized the name and the place. "The skies they were ashen and sober," the verse begins, "The streets they were dirty and drear. It was night in the month of October, of my most immemorial year. Like the skies I was perfectly sober, as I stopped at the mansion of Shear: at the Nightingale, perfectly sober, and the willow woodland down here."

He relates of his enthusiasm for the concoctions of the bartender, and his spirits already uplifted by the music of Auber played by the band at the Willows.

"We have come past the emu and eagle, and watched the gay monkey on high, let us drink to the emu and eagle, to the swan and the monkey on high, to the eagle and monkey on high."

William S. Shear, son of the original Will Shear, told me yesterday about some of the old-timers.

NIGHTINGALE BUILT IN 1853

His father came here first in 1849, and then sent for his family, and built the Nightingale in 1853. He owned the Union racetrack, too, which

extended from Nineteenth to Twenty-second, and from Shotwell to Folsom. The Pioneer racetrack, owned by George Treat, was a little further out. Past the Nightingale on the Mission road was the White House, as it was called then. It had been the Red House, but when Murphy, the proprietor, and his common-law wife were found dead there one morning, the woman murdered and Murphy a suicide, the name was changed, for it had an evil sound.

There were many fine horses that ran on the two old tracks. Not quite so many or so famous as came in the later days to the tracks along the Point Lobos road, but excellent pacers at that.

WAS 7, BUT CAN REMEMBER HORSES

Some of the best of the trotting horses were New York, Rhode Island, Glencoe Chief and Jim Barton. Of the pacers, Billy Shear remembers Lady Mack, Fred Johnson, Young America. There weren't so many running horses then, but notable among them were Wake up Jake, Nebraska Bill, Attilia (known generally as the Boston colt), belonging to Henry Welch. The riders were many and popular. There were James Oeff, Barney Rice, Dave Campbell, Charley Shear, an Uncle of Billy, and Charlie Ellis, who drove Rhode Island. Billy Shear was 7 years old when he arrived here with his mother in 1851, which is quite some time ago, but he has a remarkable clear memory, and remembers names and dates with gratifying accuracy.

His father was three times foreman of the Young America Volunteer Fireman's Company, that ran with Engine No. 13. When he left the place in the '60s, "Fish" Dennison became foreman of the company, and stayed with it until the paid fire department did away with the spectacular old volunteer companies. The present fire station is still at the old location on Sixteenth street. In the

company were Stacio Valencia, Arthur Quinn, Pete Farrell, Mike Fennell (father of Charlie), Mike Hayes, for whose family Hayes Valley is named. Ned Daly, who drove the itinerant butcher wagon for the district and later kept his own shop in a brick building at Sixteenth and Valencia, was another member. Jerry and John Crowley were two more of the gallant fire laddies.

RIVAL BASEBALL TEAMS PLAYED

Samuel Shear and Al Fritz, who later committed suicide, ran the San Francisco recreation grounds on Folsom and Twenty-sixth streets, where rival baseball teams amused the Sunday crowds.. Jim Aiken, a surviving member of the Pioneer team, a famous aggregation, has tales to tell of the great plays made there. The horse cars ran out Folsom by that time, and most of the ball fans came that way in the '70s. The horse-car line was owned by one Mike Skelly.

William Shear bet on a mighty horse race of 20 miles for \$10,000 a side. The horses were Fred Coulter, backed by Shear, and John Morgan, a horse from Sacramento. Shear lost, and he mortgaged to Grogan the property on which the Nightingale was built. He owned 120 feet frontage on the block between Sixteenth and Seventeenth on Mission. He got a 50-foot lot and \$5,000 out of the wreck.

October 9, 1924.

CREEK WATERS ONCE REACHED 16TH AND MISSION STREETS

One of the first industries in the Mission District was the "Acid Works," owned by Edward Judson. The place was at Fifteenth and Valencia streets and the boys of the neighborhood regarded it with much interest. Judson manufactured muriatic, nitric and sulphuric acid and, on account of

the mysterious and terrifying qualities of the chemicals, his two sons, Henry and Charles, were popular figures among their schoolmates.

Judson later started the Giant Powder Works and made much of the powder for the second period of the mines in the late '50s and the '60s. About the only other industry of any importance in those days in the Mission District was the Mission Woolen Mills, located at Sixteenth and Folsom streets. Donald McLaren was the foreman. William Shear maintained a blacksmith shop near the Nightingale, and his son learned the trade there. Taylor's National Laundry came quite early to the district, and was opposite Duveneck's grocery shop. At first there were no other stores, and the butcher wagon came around three times a week, driven by Ned Daly.

TEAMS MADE PLANKS ROAR

Naturally, the teams coming over the plank road made a terrible racket. The planks were not fastened, but just laid down, and, of course, they reverberated with a thunder-like roar when the omnibus rolled over them. Listening to them was quite a diversion to the boys. Another pleasant interlude was going to the Fifteenth street hill for blackberries, which grew there in great profusion. The pioneer youngsters were not immune to the almost inevitable accompaniment of wild blackberry vines, and Bill Shear remembers that he was laid up with poison oak almost always during the blackberry season.

The youngsters went to school to Alfred Rix at first, in a building near the Mission Dolores. Some of the fellow pupils of Bill Shear in the early '50s were Augustine Guerrero, Robert Dorland, Thomas Dorland, Ferdinand Bornehan, whose father kept a nursery on Folsom street, and he remembers

two little girls, May Wainwright and Annie Thompson. Mrs. Waldron was his second teacher, and she married a man named Rogers afterward, who had a dairy, and they lived on Fourteenth street. In those days the Mission Creek tide waters roamed all the way to Sixteenth and Mission. Jordan's Sugar Refinery was located further down the tide-water creek, and the boys used to swim around in the sun-warmed water in front of it.

BOYS PLAYED ROUNDERS

They had a game they called "rounders," a sort of flexibly ruled baseball, in which any number of players might take part. The two leaders chose sides, until all the available material had been exhausted, and then the game began. There was a pitcher and catcher on both sides, and they ran for bases, but one had to tag the baseman with the ball instead of just throwing it to the pitcher.

The boys from the Protestant Orphanage used to chase the Mission boys when the latter invaded the grounds and climbed the stone fence after red berries and acorns. The building was on the ground on which the new normal school is being built, and fronted on Haight street. The streets, of course, were not cut through, and the distance from Haight street to the Mission was not great, especially to small boys bent on mischief. When the youngsters from the orphanage came into the Mission to Duveneck's store, where they could buy candy and other delicacies, the Mission boys would look them over, and if they were of the kindergarten age they were unmolested. Larger boys, of suitable size for antagonists, were properly disciplined, so they mostly always sent the little ones to do the necessary errands. Mrs. Strong was the matron that Bill Shear remembers.

The young folks, and some of the elders, danced at a hall on Dolores called the Odeon. It was located at about Fifteenth street, and included a sort of

picnic grounds and a board floor, where a fiddler called the dances.

There was very little game to hunt in the Mission District, except a few stray ducks and an occasional rabbit. The Indians had lived in that locality for centuries, probably, and the padres settled in the same place, and the later residents did not have the advantage of a virgin hunting ground such as presented itself to the delighted sportsmanship of the boys of the western hills and the sand dunes. But they did not lack for other sports, and if the urge of Nimrod was upon them they might only take a wagon down the old San Jose road and, within a mile or two, meet the untouched wilderness of heart's delight.

October 10, 1924.

JOLSON PLAYED MISSION BEFORE BROADWAY
"JACKIE COOGAN A PRODUCT OF DISTRICT
ALSO"

No district in San Francisco has been better supplied with theaters than has the Mission, cradle of genius, for many famous stars of the stage received their earliest encouragement from the discriminating folk in the Mission.

Al Jolson sang at the Wigwam Theater, where he appeared as early as 1906, when that theater was a tent, one of the first places of amusement to arise from the ashes of San Francisco's great fire. According to records kept by Joseph Bauer, one of the owners of the Wigwam. Jolson's salary was then \$60 a week, a minute sum compared with the receipts of the comedian's last engagement in San Francisco a few months ago.

The name of Will Rogers also appears on the Wigwam pay roll for the week of August 29, 1908.

Jackie Coogan, boy prince of the films, is a product of the Mission. It is said that Charlie Chaplin "discovered" Jackie at play in the front

yard of the home in the Mission of his grandmother, Mrs. Dolliver.

MISSION THEATER FIRST IN DISTRICT

The first theater to be built in the Mission was the Mission (now the Realart), erected by J. Charles Green in 1903.

Less than 30 days after the fire of April, 1906, Joseph Bauer, Sam Harris and Ralph Pincus opened the tent which was the first Wigwam, deriving its name from the tent construction. Wigwam No. 2 was a frame building, which succeeded the tent in 1911. This building was in turn torn down in October, 1912, to make way for the present Class A structure, for which the cornerstone was laid New Years Eve, December 31, 1912, by Mayor Rolph. Among those participating in the ceremony were J. J. Chick, president of the Mission Street Merchants' Association, and J. C. Marshall, its secretary.

The Valencia Theater was one of two twin theaters, the first Class A theaters to be built in San Francisco after the fire. It was completed late in 1907 or early in 1908. It was a duplicate of the Garrick, in the Fillmore district. J. Charles Green, with associates, also built this house, devoted at first to dramatic stock productions.

LESSER HAD START SELLING CANDY

Another tent, the Globe, was a transient amusement center on Mission street when Considine and D. G. Grauman, father of Sid Grauman, who later owned the Strand and operated the Imperial for a period, put up a tent show near Twenty-third street, opened July, 1906. This did not more than survive the summer months and was torn down in November of the same year.

A theater was built on this site during 1907, played vaudeville and pictures for 12 months, closed

for a year and reopened under the ownership of Turner and Dahnken, who for years operated the Tivoli and founded the T. and D. circuit of theaters, now operated under the banner of West Coast Theaters of Northern California, directing Loew's Warfield. The house was a huge barn without a sufficient number of exits to conform to the city's requirements and was condemned about 1914.

In 1909, L. L. Lesser, Sol Lesser's father, opened a theater showing motion pictures on the west side of Mission street between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets. It was here that Sol Lesser started his theater career, selling candy and ice cream. He is now vice-president of the great West Coast Theaters circuit, operating more than 100 theaters throughout California.

MAJESTIC BUILT BACK IN 1911

Two theaters were launched during the year previous, the People's Theater, later the Isis, which was replaced by a store building early this year, and a nickelodeon just above Twenty-second street, owned by Alburn and Leahy, who later built the Portola, which fairly coined money, on lower Market street. This theater laid the foundation for the California Theater, first of the Herbert L. Rothchild circuit, including the present Granada and Imperial.

Louis R. Greenfield, owner of the New Fillmore, New Mission and a circuit reaching to Santa Cruz and the Hawaiian Islands, was a principal owner of the Premium Theater, opened in 1909 on the present site of the New Mission. The Premium, later (1911) the Idle Hour, occupied the space at present devoted to the New Mission lobby. The huge auditorium of the modern house was added and dedicated November 15, 1917. This property, owned by the Kyle Estate, adjoins its holdings upon which the new million dollar Davis Department Store has just been erected. The theater was enlarged in 1920.

The Majestic, beloved by all Missionites, was built by Ackerman and Harris in 1911. They presented vaudeville for a time, sold the theater, which rotated through a Jim Post comedy regime, Del Lawrence stock and motion pictures. It remains one of the leading theaters of the district today under the ownership of Morris Gallas, who acquired the house in January of this year after selling the Isis.

BUILDING IS CONTINUED

In recent years the Mission has continued its theater building with such modern motion picture theaters as the New Lyceum, Mission near Twentyninth, built in 1920 by Robert A. McNeil, who as president recently announced the formation of a \$1,000,000 Golden State Theater Corporation, which will build and acquire theaters throughout California; the Excelsior, Mission street and Ocean avenue, also built by McNeil and associates in 1922.

Among the older theaters, owned by Nasser Brothers, is still in operation.

A new theater, the Aztec, has just been announced for the outer Mission district at Twentysixth street.

Harold Wilson, whose interest in the growth of the neighborhood theaters of the city has grown from a mere business of theatrical advertising into a real affection for the idea, furnished me with all the story of the Mission theaters.

L.F. NUNAN IS OLDEST IN SERVICE

The postoffice at Eighth and Mission, Station B, and the one at Twentieth and Mission, Station C, took care of the Missionites in the '80s. At the time that L.F. Nunan, now the oldest (in point of service) carrier in San Francisco, joined the

forces of Station B in 1884, the station was one of the most important in town. Among the carriers were John L. Kelly, E. J. Waldron, John Mackay, Will Maurer, Charlie Scobern, George Black, L. F. Nunan, Fred Werner, Chapman, Thomas Hallis, Gus King, Gibson,, H. O. Perry, W. L. Ketchum, Frank Barria, Thomas Young and James Coleman. Station B served the district as far as Fourteenth street, all the way down to South San Francisco. The carriers there were John O'Connor, John T. McCann, Walter Roche, George Benning, Frank Takats, Andrew Hackett, Willis Simmons, Otto Johnson, who rode on horseback to deliver the letters of the settlers in South San Francisco; William Ducommon, A. Halloway, Riley, T. A. Mahoney and W. L. Doherty, who carried the Bernal Heights route.

METHODIST WAS EARLY CHURCH

The first church in the Mission district, except the old Mission Dolores, of course, was the Methodist, built by the Rev. Mr. Benton, on Valencia near Fifteenth, and was made possible by individual donations. Benton lived at the Nightingale until the church and the parsonage nearby were completed. The church, a brick structure, was completed in 1855.

Bricks were easily obtained, for the first bricks in the city were made on the banks of the old Mission Creek, below Sixteenth and Harrison. John Tighe owned one of the largest, built in 1854. Scows were floated up the shallow creek at high tide, made fast to the shore and loaded. When the tide flooded again, rowboats towed the barges down to the bay.

John Center, who came to the district in 1851 and lived there until his death, some seven or eight years ago, was affectionately known as the "Father of the Mission". He bought the property along the south side of Sixteenth street from Mission to Folsom, and when Bill Shear remembers it,

most of the land was leased to Italian vegetable gardeners. On the corner of Folsom, a man named Anderson had a garden where he raised flowers for the market. One of the most interesting things about old San Francisco seems to me to be the immediate demand for the luxuries of life and for the refinements of all the metropolitan centers that were contemporary. I wonder how many frontier towns in any other clime have had florists and nurseries for house and garden plants in the first years of their life.

Center lived on Sixteenth near Folsom, and when the great fire came it was his water tanks that saved the life of the Mission district.

George Edwards lived on the southwest corner of Twenty-fourth and Dolores after 1865, coming to the town from Australia. His daughter married Dr. A. L. Sobey, who maintained his office in back of Coffin's drug store at Sixteenth and Valencia about 1874. The doctor retired from active practice in 1914 and has since spent his time on his ranch near San Jose.

The Dents, one of whose daughters married General Grant, lived on Sixteenth street between Mission and Howard, and the general came often to the Nightingale.

The City Gardens, at Fourteenth and Folsom, for a long time served as the place for big dances and festivities, and most of the big public "affairs" of the time, except, of course, those held in the hospitable private homes, took place at the Gardens.

October 11, 1924.

FIRST BASEBALL GAME IN CALIFORNIA PLAYED IN MISSION

The first baseball game in California was played in the Mission. The scene was Center's bridge, near Sixteenth and Harrison, and the teams were the Eagles, the pioneer team of the State, organized in 1859, and the Red Rovers. After nine innings

the score was tied at 33-33, and the Red Rovers accused the Eagles of unfair pitching. Matt McCloskey, the umpire decided that the play was fair, which so incensed the Red Rovers that they refused to finish the game, and Matt awarded the Eagles the decision. The Eagles later played in the second game to be played in the state, at Sacramento, September 28, 1860, and were awarded a silver baseball as prize, and some of the members of the team, who had played particularly well, were given medals.

FIRST GAME TO BE FINISHED

This was the first game to be actually finished in the State, and the awards were made by the State Agricultural Society. The score was 31-17. The first members of the Eagles were John L. Durkee, C. Boyes, John M. Fisher, John Hall, J. F. Miller, F. Norcross, J. R. Neely, James Willock, Martin F. Cosgriff had brought the first regulation baseball to San Francisco in 1858, together with the by-laws of the Tri-mountain Club of Boston, the first baseball organization in New England, which had been formed just before he left.

INTEREST IN GAME DECLINES

By 1863 the interest in baseball had declined a little, and the Eagles were reduced to the necessity of splitting into two teams, so that they could have some one to play with. One section became known as the Pacifics, and the first game between the new teams was played in February of '63, back of the old Mission church. The players used to dress in the Mansion House, which was next door to the Mission, and was housed in part of the old adobe buildings.

This game was won by the Eagles, 27-18, and the victors got a silver goblet for their victory.

That was the beginning of the new life of the baseball craze in San Francisco, and by 1868, when the Recreation Grounds at Twenty-fifth and Folsom streets were opened, there were a number of teams playing steadily. Some of the groups were, beside the Eagles and the Pacifics, the Atlantics, California Theater, Brodericks, Empires, Wide Awakes of Oakland, Pastimes, Phoenix, Originals and Orientals. James Aiken joined the Eagles in 1868, in time to play in the famous game that opened the Recreation Grounds, on November 26, 1868. The Wide Awakes of Oakland were the opponents of the Eagles and the score was 37-23 in favor of the Eagles, James Aiken playing right field.

RED STOCKINGS DEFEAT EAGLES

In 1869, the already nationally famous Cincinnati Red Stockings came to California on the first train to cross on the newly-completed tracks of the Union Pacific, the iron roadway that brought the East and the West together. The last spike was driven on May 10, 1869, and it was September before the first train crossed, and the Red Stockings came on it. The California baseball fans were very sure of their own teams, but alas, for their sanguine hopes. The Red Stockings proceeded to wipe up the Recreation Grounds with the Eagles on September 26, 1869, with a score of 35-4.

Of all the players in both teams, James Aiken is the only one left to tell the tale, and he tells it very well. The Red Stockings had rested up, perhaps, for the next day they again defeated the Eagles, champions then and thereafter of the California teams with a score of 58-4. Two days later James Aiken umpired a game between the Ohioans and a picked team from all the California group, but again the score was disastrous, 66-4.

They started back to their home town after that, but on the way stayed long enough at Sacramento to indelibly impress the youngsters in the

California teams that the East had it on California in at least one direction, for the score of the final game was 76-5, and it took many a well-played game after that to wipe out the stain. Later, San Francisco sent many a first rate player into the big leagues to show what California could do when she really tried. Of course, it must be remembered that the Red Stockings were a professional team, paid salaries, and playing baseball for a living, the first team of its sort in the world, and that the Pacific League was made up entirely of amateurs who played for the love of the game and what was left of the gate receipts when the expenses had been paid.

MISSION ALWAYS BASEBALL HOME

The Mission has always been the home of baseball, and from the days of the first games played on a sandlot, with the spectators standing around without anything to sustain them save their enthusiasm and their feet, through the days of the old ball lot behind the Mission Church, and the more elegant arrangements of the Recreation Grounds in the '70s, into the days of more modern remembrance in the grounds at Fourteenth and Valencia, the Mission has always attracted the baseball players and the fans. Now there is projected a splendid ball park almost on the site where the very first game of all was played, on Sixteenth and Harrison, and that will be a poetical and proper setting for the great contests of the future.

Jim Aiken has seen it all, from the sandlots to the present, when a whole nation waits with bated breath to learn the results of the world series; and so great is the hold of baseball upon him, that he wouldn't sit for his picture until the series had been decided, and the Solons had been victorious. Of such stuffs are the true fans molded.

October 13, 1924.

MUCH OF MISSION GROWTH IS DUE
TO MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION

The growth of business in the Mission district has paralleled the growth in membership and prestige of the Mission Street Merchants' Association.

This organization, which has grown from a charter membership of 11 merchants to more than 300 hustling business men, has been responsible for the paving of Mission street, the installation of the \$10,000 street lighting system between Sixteenth and Twenty-sixth and Army streets and a community advertising campaign for the Mission which has cost approximately \$100,000 in the past six years.

Fifteen years ago the little group of merchants who became charter members of the association met at the rear of the Mission Clothiers, on Mission near Twenty-second street, and elected Sylvain J. Lazarus (now Police Judge Lazarus) the first president. Judge Lazarus and D. N. Schneider, his brother-in-law, were proprietors of the store. After holding the office until 1915, Lazarus was succeeded by J. J. Chick for a term, who was followed by William R. Davis, who served two years. In 1919 the merchants elected Gus Lachman, who is now nearing the close of his sixth year as president.

STARTED WORK BACK IN 1911

While the record of the original 11 members has been lost, the following were among the earliest members of the association, when a second meeting was held in Lachman Brothers' store: Sylvain J. Lazarus, J. J. McNally, Sig Hertzmann, William R. Hennies, Gus Lachman, William R. Davis, A. H. Pettersen, George H. Sandy, Charles W. Heyer, Sam Rosencrantz, Louis Birnbaum, John F. O'Donohue, N. W. Bender, D. N. Schneider, James W. Doherty, Charles Schubert, F. G. Johnson, William Scheppler, Julius Rehfeld and Dr. Young.

The association entered upon the era of greatest usefulness in 1911 when the Mission Merchants' Coupon Company was incorporated, with William R. Davis, as president, Sig Hertzmann as vice-president, William R. Hennies as secretary, and William Schepppler as treasurer.

This company, controlled by the association and its members, supplies a form of trading stamp to Mission merchants, which is the equivalent of 3 per cent in discounts and may be redeemed at the store of any merchant member for merchandise of equivalent value. It is a non-profit company and operates exclusively in the Mission district.

SAVED BONDS FOR PAVING

Printed monthly bulletins, kept by J. C. Marshall, secretary of the Mission Street Merchants' Association since 1917, when William R. Davis became president, record the activities of the association since that time. These years also tell the story of much of the progress of the Mission as a business community.

It was the Mission Merchants' Association which saved the day when bonds voted for the first paving of Mission street were depreciated \$4000 by the cost of underwriting. When delay in the paving was threatened, because of the shortage, the merchants contributed the money and the street was paved.

At a cost of more than \$10,000 the association installed the electroliers which now light the street from Sixteenth to Twenty-sixth and later turned the fixtures over to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which now maintains the system free of charge.

The slogan, "Buy for Less in the Mission" has become a real "buy" word since the inauguration of a co-operative advertising campaign for the Mission, commenced by Gus Lachman when he first was elected president in January, 1919. Each year since that time the merchants have expended between \$15,000 and

\$20,000 a year in advertising the district. The fame of this community advertising is known throughout the country. William R. Davis, as chairman of the advertising committee, and President Lachman have been the leaders in this mighty successful plan for exploiting the business of the Mission.

OLD FIRMS MEMBERS

Another barometer of business in the Mission is a list of some of its oldest established concerns, some of which follow:

The Mission Bank, founded in 1903, was the first commercial bank in the Mission. The first savings bank was the Mission Savings Bank (1906). James Rolph Jr. (now Mayor Rolph) has been president of both institutions since their establishment.

Directors of the Mission Bank at the start were Frank B. Anderson, president of the Bank of California; William Babcock, Antone Borel, George Center, William H. Crim, Edward W. Hopkins, James Rolph Jr. (president), Stuart F. Smith (cashier).

Sixteen banks now serve the Mission, or will, with the completion of two yet to be opened. A magnificent new building is practically complete for the Mission office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society at the corner of Valencia and Twenty-second street. Property recently has been acquired on Mission street for a branch of the Liberty Bank.

The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society established its Mission branch August 1, 1908, with Charles W. Heyer as manager and L. C. Koster (manager since the death of Mr. Heyer) as assistant manager. In 1909 the Anglo-California Trust Company opened a Mission branch, of which Herbert Blumenthal is manager. The American Bank was established in the Mission in 1922, with L. W. Jenkins as manager.

LACHMAN'S IN 1895

Lachman Brothers, one of San Francisco's largest furniture stores today, was established in the Mission in August, 1895. Its first location was on Valencia street, later Sixteenth street, and for the past eighteen years on the present site, Mission and Sixteenth streets. A frame building was erected in seven days by Lachman Brothers soon after the fire. The present institution occupies seven buildings with 22 floors and an eighth building is now in course of construction.

William R. Davis and his brother, Harry C. Davis, who opened the million-dollar Davis Department Store August 2, 1924, started in the Mission in 1904, when William R. Davis owned a store with a 10-foot frontage. Wiped out by fire, he borrowed the money to build at Mission and Twenty-third streets, which store was also gutted by fire. The forerunner of the present huge store was opened near Twenty-second street in 1909 by the two brothers.

A. Mautz and Co. have been in the Mission district for 43 years, according to Sig Hertzmann, president of the company. William R. Hennies, secretary of the company, has been with the firm 22 years. Hertzmann has served 32 years. His hobby is the collection of postage stamps and he is a member of the Philatelic Society.

Other Mission firms were established as follows: Columbia Outfitting Company, 1907; Granat Bros., 1913; Newman's Furniture Store, 1906; Gough Furniture Company, 1906; J. J. McNally, 1906; Aubert's Diamond Palace, 1913; George H. Sandy, 1906; James W. Doherty, real estate, 1907; A. H. Pettersen, 1906; Lippman Brothers, October 1877, at the corner of Sixteenth and Valencia streets, when the power for street cars was supplied by a span of sturdy horses.

OVER TOP IN LIBERTY LOAN

Under the leadership of Stuart S. Smith, now vice-president of the Bank of California, the Mission went "over the top" in each of its Liberty Loan quotas. Gus Lachman championed the cause of the Red Cross during the war, enriching its coffers by many thousands of mercy dollars from the Mission district.

The Mission merchants were responsible for the location of a finely equipped Y.M.C.A. at the corner of Howard and Twenty-first streets, over which they still exercise a "fatherly" interest through a club of 100 life members, each of whom has contributed \$100 to the Y.M.C.A. Mission branch fund.

Officers of the Mission Street Merchants' Association today are: President, Gus Lachman (sixth term); vice-president, Leon Rewig; treasurer, James W. Doherty (an officer since the first year); J. C. Marshall, secretary since 1917, and Harold Wilson, publicity representative.

The Mission has its own newspaper, the Enterprise, a weekly, published by C. J. Collins since 1910. It was originally sponsored by the Mission Promotion Association, of which Mayor Rolph was once president. This association flourished after the fire, but is no longer in existence. George L. Center was an early president and Fred Churchill, later secretary of the Board of Public Works, was one time secretary of the association. The Enterprise was made the official organ and its original circulation list coincided with the list of members of the promotion body.

HAYES VALLEY NEXT ON LIST

We might go on for an indefinite number of days considering the Mission District. One cannot but linger in the byways of its romance, and only the consolation of new fields can tear one's interest

away. Other parts of the town have their claim to the spotlight of inquiry, and tomorrow we will call on Hayes Valley to find out what people and what institutions built that district. The Mission can never be exhausted as a source of delightful stories, and one feels that the ground is only scratched by the present narrative. Perhaps another day we will return and tell the rest of the tale, but now we must cross Market street and go along the old Presidio trail over toward the Sans Souci House from which the road took its name, and from which most of the maps mark their divisions of the Hayes Valley and nearby regions. And to make the coming narrative more enticing, let me say at this time that the famous old house is still standing on Fulton Street just off Divisadero.

HAYES VALLEY

HALTING OF FIRE OF 1906 LEFT HAYES
VALLEY ITS CHARM

There is a distinct charm about Hayes Valley and the hills that surround it. The perilous hand of the fire stopped just before it was too late, and the old homes, some of them the loveliest in the old city, and the sturdy little shops along the business streets were saved to a later generation.

So picturesque and really San Franciscan did Eric von Stroheim find the valley that he used it as the background of that splendid movie of the old town, "Greed," taken from Frank Norris' McTeague. He needed only to put up some of the signs that Norris had specified to re-create Polk street in the days before the quake.

Along Hayes street, where the first business began to gather around Hayes Park, the nucleus of the settlement, some of the really old buildings greet the visitor. Outside the tobacco shop of F.E. Boger, pioneer merchant of the district, stands a charming wooden Indian, one of the last in the town, and the millwork on the wooden awning and the sturdy pillars holding up the building speak of a period not much later than the early '60s. Boger himself has been there for 46 years, in the same place.

COLONEL PHELPS HERE IN 1852

It was way back in 1852 that Colonel Abner Phelps, coming to this city from New Orleans with his bride, bought the lovely old house that John Middleton had built the year before on Divisadero street near Page, or what is that location now, for there were neither roads nor streets of any definite character in those days. Colonel Phelps bought 160 acres from Middleton. Acres were acres in that era, for Divisadero street was outside the

city limits of course, and not streets. Phelps presented the land and the house to his bride as a wedding gift, and the gift deed was written in French so that she might fully appreciate it, for that was her language. The house was a real show place, and the young couple planted flowers and shrubs and trees around the three-story structure and made a charming country estate out of it.

SIX CHILDREN BLESS UNION

Six children came to bless their union, and they were all born in the old house. Three of them are still living in it. Two have married and one was buried, an old man of 62, from the same room in which he was born.

It is not often in the history of San Francisco that it may be said that a man of mature years opened his eyes for the first time and closed them for the last time in the same room.

One has a feeling of passing into another age on arriving at the old place. Outside there is the busy activity of Divisadero street and a row of stores. Then one passes through an inconspicuous door into a long narrow alley like a tunnel, and there is a vision of a little glass door through the opening and the glint of green leaves. I could not help thinking of the enchanted garden in "Alice in Wonderland" into which she pursued the rabbit, when I went through the tunnel into the pleasant, sheltered garden beyond. There stands the gracious old house, its pillars still supporting its hospitable roof and flowers still making it lovely. Indoors, the tender hands of the family who love it and cling to it still have made an artistic home that is a balanced blending of the old and the new. The peace and the comfort of the old and the pleasant color and arrangement of the new make a place that is hard to leave.

MISS PHELPS IS GOOD HOSTESS

Miss Mary Phelps was my gracious hostess. She was born in the house, like the rest of the children, and though she told me how long ago it was, I could hardly believe it, for the years have touched her lovely face, very lightly.

She remembers the Sans Souci House, which still stands just off Divisadero on Fulton Street, its quaint Swiss chalet architecture obscured as to the lower story by a row of modern stores, but its upper story peering proudly over the top of the new building and its sturdy chimney climbing erectly to the roof.

Charlie Duane lived at Scott and Fell, fierce old fighter that he was, and the children were so afraid of him and of even passing his house that they used to crawl up and down mountainous sand banks on their way to school and back again. Mary Phelps and her brothers and sister attended school at first in a four-room structure called the Golden Gate School, at Scott and Fulton. The principal was Mary Jane Bragg. Later they were transferred to the John Swett Grammar, known at that time as the McAllister Street School.

SAVED KIDDIES FROM CATTLE

The children all were baptised in the Mission Dolores, but they went to church in the little church in Calvary Cemetery, at the head of Ellis street, of which Father Largin was pastor. The little structure has long since been torn down.

Along Oak street a little brook wound its way, and at the bend of the road that is about Divisadero and Oak now there was a great tree with gnarled limbs and generous shade on which the children used to swing.

In the days before her memory her mother had a terrible experience. The road that approximates the Divisadero street of these days was used by

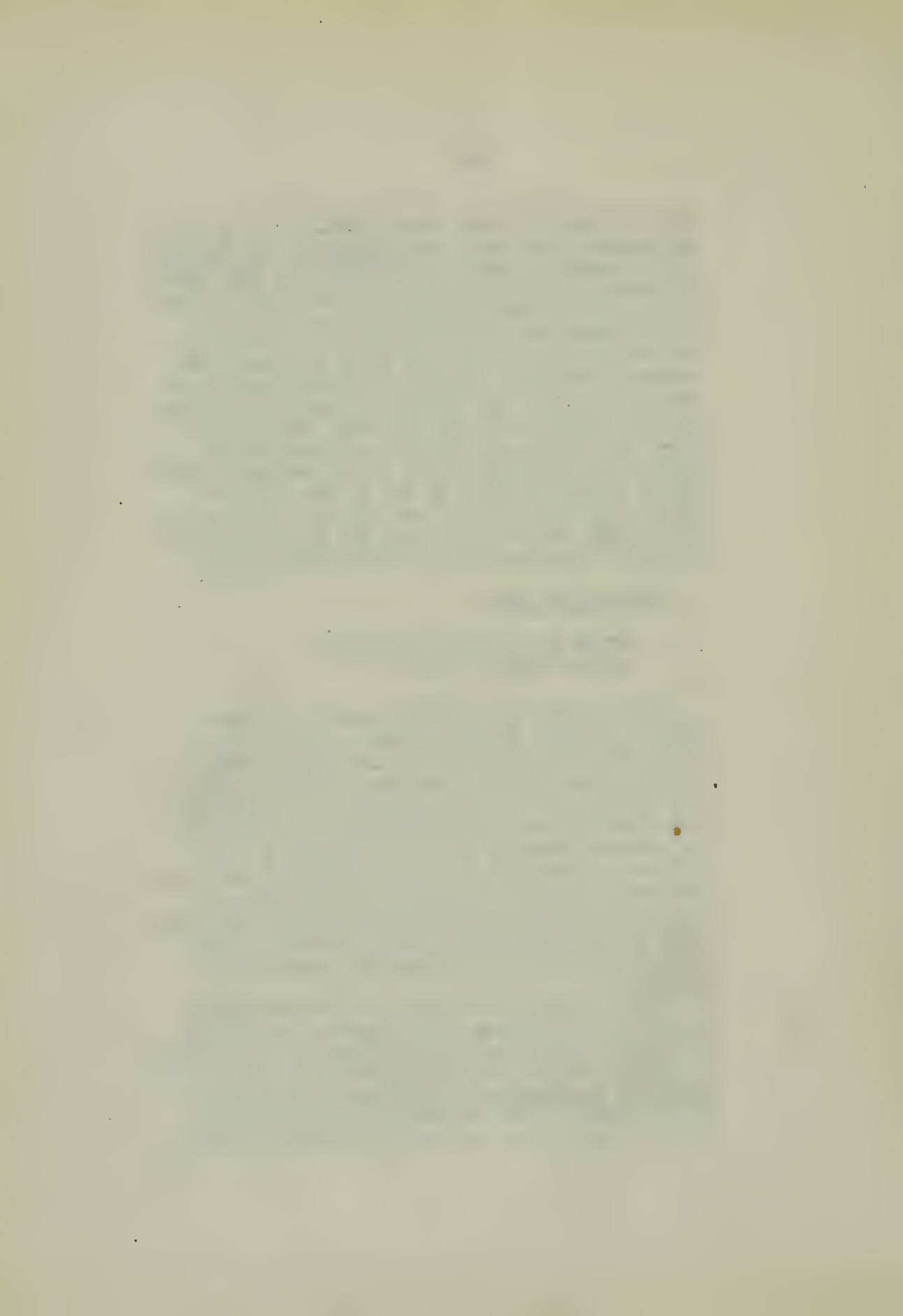
the cattlemen to drive their herds to the slaughter houses. They would come charging down the way, poorly fenced at best to withstand the onslaughts of half-wild cattle, spurred by the peculiar, penetrating cry of the vacqueros. Once, when Mrs. Phelps missed her two tiny sons for a moment and ran to the door to look for them, she heard the ominous shout that heralded the coming of the drove, and at that same instant caught sight of the two little boys far down the road. She raced to them, and just as she reached and dragged them through the fence the first of the maddened steers passed them. Sometimes on one of the drives a steer would break loose, and the men would have to take rifles and hunt it along the oak groves and the sand dunes that made up the district then.

October 15, 1924.

HAYES CIGAR STORE BOASTS ONLY
WOODEN INDIAN SQUAW

Hayes Park, an amusement resort of a rural nature, situated in the square at Laguna and Hayes, was the nucleus of the real Hayes Valley of later days. Colonel Tom Hayes lived in a handsome place set in a fine garden in the block between Franklin and Van Ness and Hayes and Grove. The grounds occupied the entire block. Of his children, there were Thomas, and Michael and Denny. The park was not very elaborately equipped, but there was a fine bowling alley and a band at times, and a little beer garden where a peaceful family might sit and sip the golden brew from the noble schooner.

The park was the terminus of the picturesque steam street railroad, which wandered out Market and along Hayes to Laguna and almost to Turk street. The cars were flat on top and provided place for seats and passengers. So perverse is the nature of the female of the species that is recited by the old timers that the ladies insisted on riding



on the outside whenever the weather was fine, thus relegating the men to the lower tier stuffiness, save on rainy days, when the fair ones would ride inside, and the disconsolate gentlemen were liable to be crowded on the roof.

HORSE CARS TOOK PLACE OF TRAIN

On holidays it was usual for a band of Scotch bagpipers to ride on top of the trains, skirling for all they were worth, and in some wise compensating the passengers for the jerkiness of the right of way. Later, when the metropolitan note came into the city, the steam trains in the streets struck too rural a note, the dummy was replaced with horse cars, and modernity was served.

The elegants of the valley did not need to leave their own territory for the best sort of barbering, for Julius Heilfron was the past master at cutting one's hair in the most approved fashion, and trimming one's whiskers in inimitable style. Luke Morgan, whose hair is still soft and thick, though alas, it is no longer brown but touched with the snows, tells how carefully Julius would trim the hair of the Hayes Valley boys in the "puff" style in back, which, if I understand his description aright, is much the same thing as the more feminine shingle bob of today.

STEWART, CHAMPION CHIMNEY SWEEP

Stewart, the picturesque negro who kept the chimneys of the valley in proper drawing condition, was a very picturesque figure in the early days. He was a very tall man, who dressed in dignified clothing, and wore a tall hat, on which was marked a motto in red and blue proclaiming him the champion chimney sweep of the world. His voice was strong and very sweet, and he sang as he walked along the streets and he sang as he worked at his chimneys, and it was a delight to

see him. Two of his children, and he had quite a number, became famous as Stewart and Stewart, the champion cake-walkers of the time when cake-walking was a favorite exhibition dance. He had one faculty that was the wonder of the small boys in the neighborhood. He could take a hot stove lid off a stove with his bare hands and he never even winced, no matter how hot it was, nor did he hurry with it.

BOGER STILL IN DISTRICT

F. E. Boger, veteran merchant of the district, came to his present place of business 46 years ago. His store is at 590 Hayes street, and in the place before him were a french couple who kept a furniture store. They had a hard time speaking much English, and perhaps they didn't get along too well on account of that. Boger used to conduct quite an extensive cigar factory on the premises, employing as many as 20 men at one time.

It was not a very large cigar factory in those days for San Francisco, for there were several much larger down town, and at that time the import of tobacco from Pennsylvania and Connecticut was a considerable industry. In most of the larger factories Chinese labor made the cigars, on account of the cheapness of that kind of workmen, and the large number available. Boger had always employed white union men, and he did not suffer when the edict that "The Chinese Must Go", as they did, practically eliminated the source of cigarmakers. A hurry call was sent East, and a large number of cigarmakers from the East rushed to save the smoking supply of the San Francisco population.

CIGAR INDUSTRY FALLS DOWN

The factories started up again, but with the high wages and the growing facilities for transportation from the East, the industry declined, and,

while there are a few excellent cigars manufactured here still, the industry is not what it used to be. Boger's store is most picturesque, even at this later and utilitarian day.

The shelves are neatly piled with every conceivable sort of cigar box, and cigarette and snuff boxes galore. Hanging in the sunny window is a Chinese Nightingale in a cage. He is a sagacious looking bird, a little larger than a canary, with a gay vermillion colored bill, and his song is a flood of liquid jewels. He had a mate once, in a cage that hung in the next room, and they used to hold long arguments in song with apparently perfectly parliamentary courtesy, for one always waited patiently until the other was through before he began his trills. One is dead now, but the other still sings above the tobacco boxes.

INDIAN SQUAW STANDS THERE

Outside, perched on a neat shelf, a sturdy hook at her back keeping her upright, is a gayly dressed Indian Squaw, carved most realistically in wood and painted in fadeless colors. Many a sturdy Indian buck has decorated the front elevations of cigar stores in old San Francisco, but never before had I seen or heard of a lady cigar sign. Perhaps the maker had some vision into the future when the ladies worship Lady Nicotine as much as their sterner associates. At any rate there she stands, no slender frail of fragile proportions, but a sturdy matron with a trim shawl about her shoulders, and her not too small feet planted firmly on her pedestal, defying the years and the action of the wind and weather, more secure in her coat of paint than many a modern maiden in hers against the caress of the San Francisco fog and wind.

October 16, 1924.

PIONEER INDUSTRIES OF HAYES VALLEY
STILL FLOURISHING

Einstein's Shoe Factory was one of the interesting industries in Hayes Valley in the early days. It was

quite an extensive place, and at times employed as many as 800 men at a time. Billy Buchanan was superintendent and was much disconcerted by the attitude of the Chinese coolies in the matter of quitting on the whistle. He claimed that if the whistle blew when one of them had a hammer raised at noon, he would not even lower the hammer, but would keep it raised during the lunch hour and only let it fall when he started work again at 1 o'clock. John Fitzhenry feels that he probably exaggerated a bit.

Eugene Loud was foreman once and later became congressman. He used to go to Boger's cigar factory for his favorite brand, called "Lassoo," and carry a sufficient supply with him to Washington, for he was a most fastidious smoker.

USED GENERAL STORE TO VOTE

Philip J. Cummins learned his trade as shoemaker there, and later became a very prominent figure in political circles in the town. George W. Tooley, another shoemaker at Einstein's, now is the proprietor of his own factory at Santa Rosa.

Croskey and Howard had about the first general store in the valley and all the voters used to come there on election day to cast their ballots. It was a mighty big precinct in those days, for it reached clear to the ocean. That was about '65.

Hayes Park burned down in '71, and Colonel Thomas Hayes had succumbed to Panama fever while en route to a Democratic presidential convention in about '64, so that the Maurys took the property and built Maury's Hall at the corner of Laguna and Ivy, where the building still stands. That was in the middle '70s. Maury had been a well-known contractor, and when he died his widow and her two children ran the place.

ORGANIZED OLD PRIMROSE CLUB

It was used as a social hall, for parties and dances, and an occasional prize fight was staged there. One of the organizations that made the hall famous was called the Primrose Club, a social group of about 20 young fellows, and the president was John Fitzhenry. They stayed together from about '75 until all of them had married and moved away from the valley or become serious minded. When the old-timers had almost forgotten what good times the Primroses used to have (I wonder if the Primrose Path had anything to do with the naming of the club) a new crowd of young fellows got together and organized under the old name.

Maury's Hall ceased to be a very profitable to the owners and has long been given over to a knitting factory and a candy factory.

DAIRY OPENS NEW BUILDING

Buckingham and Hecht have a shoe factory at Haight and Gough streets, and the shirt factory at Gough and Grove has been operating for 35 or 40 years. The Milbrae Dairy, one of the show places of the district now, was a distributing depot for milk from its ranches down the peninsula 50 years ago. The original place was built on Octavia between Golden Gate and McAllister, and just lately the very much tiled and efficienced new plant was opened on McAllister between Laguna and Octavia.

The National Brewery was an early landmark at Webster and Fulton, and many a convivial stein it produced in the days of its glory.

The Hayes Park Laundry, operated by the French system, was a very early comer to the Valley, at Hayes and Laguna. The plant has been moved to a new site on the Mission road and Silver avenue, but the name has been retained. The San Francisco laundry, another old-timer, was on Eddy between Fillmore and Steiner.

USED TO CARRY WATER TO PEOPLE

In 1865, when John Fitzhenry came to the valley, Tom Cleary used to carry the water around in a cart to the inhabitants. All the houses kept a barrel on the back porch, and Tom would dole out five or ten gallons or more, as the needs of the household demanded.

There was no police "lock-up" in the valley until the regular city prison in the City Hall was opened in the basement of that building. There was a signal box on Golden Gate avenue, then Tyler street, at the Square. The volunteer fire company called the Hayes Valley was the proud owner of a hose reel, though it had no engine, and was housed in a building erected on Grove near Laguna on property owned by a public-spirited citizen named Gilmore. The hose reel was not entirely inadequate equipment at that, for there were no buildings higher than three stories and a hose connected with a hydrant of sufficient power can dampen a three story building very neatly. The postoffice was at its present location at Hayes and Laguna.

October 17, 1924.

HAYES BOYS USED TO SWIM ON SITE
OF JEFFERSON SQUARE

The oarsmen used to congregate at the thirst parlor kept by Mrs. Louisa B. Muirhead on Larkin and Hayes street, on the corner of the "new" Mechanics Pavilion, which stood exactly on the site of the present-day Auditorium. The old one had been built at Eighth and Market, but it was removed to the other site and a baseball ground instituted on the site where the Crystal Market now stands.

Some of the famous boat clubs of the day, whose members used to swap challenges and yarns at Mrs. Muirhead's, were the Dolphins, the Pioneers, the South Ends, the Golden Gates and the Ariels. Corporal Dobbins was one of the finest, and he rowed

a boat with neatness and dispatch. In fact, one time he rowed so forcefully that the boat went out from under him and sunk, but that is a story for him to tell on himself and not for me to repeat.

BOYS SWAM IN OLD QUARRY

When Billy Keneally arrived on the scene in Hayes Valley, well, it wasn't much earlier than '70, the boys used to swim in the upper square of Jefferson Park, which was a quarry, when the winter rains filled the holes in the rock. No wonder the youths of the early days grew into such strong men, for most of the swimming was done in the rainy season, and they had to be pretty tough to stand the weather and the water at the same time.

There was another pond - quite a deep one - on the northwest corner of Tyler and Laguna, now Golden Gate, and that, too, was a favorite swimming hole, even after Tyler street attained the dignity of a plank pavement.

Billy (captain now, if you please, of engine company No. 14, San Francisco fire department), went to school first in a two-room building, still standing, but now a barber shop, on Hayes near Laguna. Miss Williams, whose father owned a trucking business and lived on Hayes near Buchanan, was the first teacher. She married very soon, though, and her best beau gave her a fine gold chain, which she showed to her pupils with pardonable pride. That was in '71, some 55 years ago.

CHILDREN GO TO NEW SCHOOL

After about a year in that school, it was deemed proper that a better arrangement for the youngsters should be made, and the whole school was marched down to the Hayes Valley Primary, located at Grove, between Polk and Larkin. There the teacher and pupils were greeted with the fact

that there was no room for them, and the youngsters about faced and marched to the Hayes Valley Grammar, later the John Swett, on McAllister street, its present site. Miss McFadden was Billy's first teacher there.

The John Swett School was constructed in 1870, in the same vintage as the present-day Hamilton Grammar, and though the building was of wood, it withstood, like its contemporary schools of the same architecture, both years and the earthquake, and had to be dynamited to save the valley from destruction in the great fire of 1906.

The principals of the school were in succession Brown, Albert Lyser, W. H. Edwards, generally known as "Billy," and later principal of the Crocker Grammar, and Mrs. Mary M. Fitz-Gerald, who still holds the office. There are 950 children in the school now.

JOHN SWETT EARNED \$25.

John Swett, for whom the school is named, earned his first \$25 working for Colonel Tom Hayes in his garden, and always held the valley in great esteem. Swett was an outstanding figure in both educational and agricultural life in the growth of San Francisco and the rest of the state, and, besides being really the father of the school system of California, made most important experiments and discoveries in horticultural science. It was he who saved the grapevines of the state from an ominous plague by introducing the resistant stock that defied the blight. The list of his accomplishments is enormous.

He was present when the new school was built to replace the post-fire shacks, in 1911, and officiated at the laying of the cornerstone of the fine new building, which was occupied one year later.

The school has a splendid record for accomplishment. The first home teacher in the city, the

pioneer health education work and the splendid "map work," developed by Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, put it distinctly in the limelight of pedagogy, not only in the city, but in the nation as well. The home teacher, whose salary was paid by the Council of Jewish Women from 1916 until 1920, when the work was taken over by the board of education, also teaches a class of foreign-born mothers, most of whom neither speak nor write English, in four of the other schools of the district as well as the John Swett.

October 18, 1924.

HAYES SCHOOLS TURNING OUT FINE CROP OF YOUNGSTERS

The valley ever has been concerned with its children and their education. Children thrive in the valley and its benevolent atmosphere like sturdy little flowers, and there must be more and more schools for them. People from all the world make their homes in the valley, and there are many transients, for the district that was once a quiet and remote residence place in the '70s is very near the heart of things now and houses an unusually large population in its busy streets.

The public schools are many of them historic in the city life of early days. The Adams Cosmopolitan, Miss Helen McFarlane, principal, is one of the venerable ones.

DENMAN SCHOOL OVERLOOKS CITY

The Denman School, now moved after several hegiras to the west to a fine stone building at Hayes and Pierce, with Miss Hannah Phillips as acting principal, vies in fame as a girls' school with its elder sister Girls' High in the precious records of the city. The Denman was housed in a perilous wooden building at the time of

the fire on Bush and Taylor. After the fire it kept in operation in some shacks at the corner of Hyde and Bush and now has attained real dignity on the lovely hill site, with a view that commands wide vistas of the city.

The High School of Commerce, under the command of Colonel Charles H. Murphy, is turning out platoons of young citizens every term, and the other schools in the district are all furnishing their quota of the future "best citizens".

SQUARE WAS OLD KITE-FLYING SPOT

Alamo Square was a famous kite-flying place in the old days, and in one of the hollows of the hill there was a pond ideal for swimming that sometimes attained a depth of five feet in the wet season. Policeman Beck and his alternate, Officer Seyden, were busy on winter afternoons chasing the small boys from their sport in the pond, for the youngsters had the terrible habit of going into the muddy water au naturel, and the righteous citizens objected. The officers must have had a busy time of it, for only one was on duty at once, the other having a day off every other day.

In the days of the horsecars, the barn was on Laguna and Hayes - northwest corner. The horses were taken care of by a Dr. Burns, a veterinary, who later became the veterinary of the fire department.

The fire horse hospital was located on Fulton opposite Pierce street, and all the indisposed equines were taken care of there. Later, when Dr. Burns had passed on, his son-in-law, Dr. William Egan, took up the torch and carried on the work.

OLD NAMES FAMILIAR

The Underwriters' Fire Patrol was stationed next to the old Hayes Valley Primary on Grove and Polk, and was later moved to Eddy and Polk. It is now at Buchanan and Birch avenue.

Some of the names familiar to the old-timers in the valley will be interesting reminders. There was White's drug store, at Gough and Hayes, and McGuire's wood, coal and grain yard, on Hayes below Van Ness. Convivial souls remember Schroeder's thirt parlor, on Gough and Grove. There was Billy Gallagher, who kept a teaming business, and Cohen and McCarty's store. The Zellerbachs had their home at Fell and Octavia, and P. J. Swift lived on Oak street.

October 20, 1924.

JIM CORBETT, IDOL OF PRIZE RING,
IS HAYES VALLEY SON

The story of Hayes Valley would be incomplete without the tale of James Corbett, favorite son of the district. "Gentleman Jim" is writing his own memoirs in the Saturday Evening Post, and the gentle reader is referred to that excellent series for the details.

However, there are some little touches supplied by the old-timers that will not be tautological. Billy Keneally, mentioned in the Corbett yarns as "Forty" Keneally, on account of his likeness in the matter of speed on the running track to a 2:40 horse, tells of the early days of the pride of the valley.

Jimmy Corbett was reared on Hayes street, where his father owned a livery stable. He fought his first boyish fights in the open space in the second story of the stable, with the horses in the stalls as interested spectators. His first opponents were the boys of his own "gang", and they were no mean antagonists, at that, even for the future heavyweight champion of the world.

OLD GANGS NOT LIKE PRESENT

In fact, when Sergeant McGee of the police department remarked to Lieutenant John Fitzhenry of the same august body a day or so ago that the

Tar Flat gang could lick anything in the city in the golden days of their youth, the gentle-mannered lieutenant answered him simply with the statement that no representative of any gang at all ever left Hayes Valley alive, and I noticed that Sergeant McGee had no retort right at hand.

Probably the lieutenant exaggerated a bit, at that, but even Captain Billy Keneally acknowledged to me that when Jimmy Corbett had licked all of the Hayes Valley "gang" he was ready for almost anyone else, anywhere.

Lest anyone connect the old neighborhood gangs of the early day city with the present-day groups of young thugs that are filling up the city jails and upsetting the body politic to such a marked degree, one must remember that the old "gangs" were merely organized with the idea of furnishing suitable opponents for each other in the manly art of self-defense, and that some of the best prize-fighters of the day grew out of the neighborhood encounters.

FAMOUS FIGHT ON BARGE TOLD

It was really the outcome of a question of the superiority of two interneighborhood gangs that resulted in the historic encounter on the barge at Martinez, when Corbett defeated Choynski in the most arduous battle of his whole career, by his own statement. Corbett was a Hayes Valley boy and the Choynski menage was on Golden Gate avenue, and the first battle was fought in the old quarry where many arguments of the sort were completed. Billy Keneally took an important part in the battle on the barge. The Corbett entourage had arrived at Martinez the night before, and when dawn broke, as they say in the movies, there was naught to eat nor the wherewithal to cook it.

Foraging procured two large steaks and a hunk or so of "dummy," inelegance for bread, and nothing else.

Billy Keneally came to the fore with his characteristic executive ability, and built a brick fireplace in the yard of the lodging place and, building

a fire therein, cooked the steaks. Corbett ate one, and Judge William P. Lawlor the other, and there were no table manners observable, because there were neither tables nor knives nor forks. Appetites and fingers and teeth were the only implements available, but Keneally assures me that they served admirably under the circumstances.

Of the old gangs, the most famous, after the Hayes Valley, of course, were the Gas House, the Sugar House, the Sunrisers from the vicinity of Lone Mountain, the Tar Flat and the bunch from Cow Hollow, to say nothing of the gallant fighters of the Bernal Heights. Each claimed ascendancy, and many were the tournaments to determine the champions by gangs and individuals.

There was strong patriotic feeling in the different districts of the city in the old days, for each had grown around a nucleus of a few families, and had traditions and characteristics of its own. Hayes Valley was one of the most self-contained of the whole number of districts, for geographically and in every other way it was separated from the rest of the town in the early days, when the streets that connect it thoroughly now with the other parts of the city were not yet even cut through, and when access to it could be had only over sand hills and by devious winding roads.

October 21, 1924.

SUCCESSFUL N.Y. PLAYWRIGHT PRODUCT
OF S. F. HAYES VALLEY

Old-timers will remember the Grove Street Theater, on Grove between Polk and Van Ness, where a popular stock company delighted the drama lovers in the '80s. Kate Dalglish was one of the best loved leading ladies, and when she played Cinderella the younger generation quite lost their hearts.

Miss Dalglish is writing successful plays in New York now, but the old-timers remember her for her charming presence in the Grove Street Theater. The theater was owned by Haswell, Knease and Holden.

Miss Kitty Belmour was another of the favorites in the cast and generally played character parts. The propinquity of other theaters in adjoining districts accounts for there being only one moving picture palace in the valley now. That was started about six years ago by W. B. Hill and continues to flourish.

IMPROVEMENT CLUB PASSES INTO OBLIVION

The Improvement Club of Hayes Valley was born of the excitement after the fire, but after a few years of existence passed into oblivion painlessly. Like a phoenix, the merchants' association has been organized with the same leading spirit as the old club. D. R. Rees, president since the organization meeting in March, 1923. There were 80 enthusiastic members then, and there are 125 now, just as energetic. George E. Austin is vice-president, Lee Ben Franklin is secretary and G. N. Joy is treasurer.

The club has accomplished much in its year or so of existence. More lights have been brought to the principal streets, shacks have been torn down and many unsightly places cleaned up. Careful attention is being paid to the type of merchant who seeks to start business in the valley, and judging from the up-to-date appearance of most of the business houses, a very high tone is being maintained.

FIRE PROTECTION IN SAME HANDS

The fire protection of the valley still is in the valiant hands of the chief who did such yeoman service on the morning of the great conflagration - the much mentioned Billy Keneally. The force is still housed in the old building on McAllister street that was opened for the first time, 100 years to a day: from the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

In the first company were some well-known names in the fire department. George Bridgewood was engineer and William *Cunningham stoker and H. V. McCue, driver. They made up the regular staff and were always on duty at the firehouse. The other men were on call, working at other jobs and responding when the fire bells called them to their particular fire territory. In the "call" squad were J. E. Littlefield, foreman; J. J. Welch, assistant foreman; Thomas Minton, T. F. McCraith, John MacDonald, James Linerger, H. P. Powers, William Barry and Joe Sawyer, hose-men.

MANY OLD-TIMERS ARE REMEMBERED

The old-timers will remember Mat Noonan of the Hibernia Brewery, who lived on Oak street, and the O'Kanes and the McConnicks on McAllister. Police officers Suyden, Sweetzer and Hanley are pleasant memories - to the good little boys at least - and, of course, there was the family home of Asa Fisk, whose son became postmaster of San Francisco later, and Billy Gallagher on Hayes and Buchanan, and the Welch family, progenitors of Howard Welch, down to this day an ardent valley patriot.

It is hard to leave Hayes Valley. It is full of the most interesting of records that of Humans and their adventurings. It seems to me that the Valley holds not a little of the gay, sturdy hardiness of the pioneers to this very day. It isn't a long way to the Fillmore District, though, and time presses, so we'll set sail for that interesting locality tomorrow and see what we can find of romance in that busy little city within the city.

October 22, 1924.

FILLMORE ST. DISTRICT

FILLMORE ARCHES LEND FESTIVE QUALITY TO DISTRICT

All aboard for Fillmore street under the arches. Those arches, by the way, are the legitimate envy of most of the other business streets of the big town, and hardly a neighborhood chamber of commerce or improvement club or merchants' association but has designs on similar illumination for its own locality.

There is no doubt whatever that the arches lend a permanently festive quality to the street, but it is more than arches that make the spirit of the district.

WRITER BEGINS WITH EARLY-DAY SCHOOL

The schools seem to warrant the first examination, and because the Girls' High School had its beginning way back in 1856, let's consider it first.

The first attempt to organize a high school in the city was made in that year. The school was established under the name of Union Grammar School.

The school opened with 80 pupils, 35 boys and 45 girls. Evidently the female of the species even of that day believed in the higher culture and beat the boys to it. Ellis H. Holmes was principal at first and George W. Minns was assistant principal.

Two years later the then board of education dared call their school by its right name, and on the 19th of September, 1860, the new high school building, on Powell near Clay, was dedicated by proper ceremonies.

BELOVED PREACHER DELIVERS ADDRESS

Thomas Starr King, beloved preacher of the early city, whose grave is in the yard of the First Unitarian Church, at Franklin and Geary, delivered

an eloquent address. The Boys and Girls' High School was continued in the new building until January, 1864, when the girls were removed to a separate school. The Girls' High was opened in 1864, in the three-story and cupola frame building at Bush and Hyde streets, and Ellis H. Holmes went with the young ladies to the new building as principal.

In 1871 John Swett, that most indefatigable educator, then deputy superintendent, organized a classical course in Greek and Latin, quite an innovation in those days. In 1876 the teacher of classics resigned, for the class had become a mere handful of eight pupils. Then Holmes resigned and John Swett succeeded him as principal of the school.

MARY KINCAID TAKES PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

In 1889 Mary Kincaid entered on her duties as principal of the school, succeeding Swett, who had gone to larger fields in his chosen work. She was succeeded in 1891 by Frank Morton as temporary principal, and in 1892 Elisha Brooks took on the mantle, which he wore with much grace and industry until 1904, when Dr. Arthur Scott, the present incumbent, came to the throne.

When the earthquake shook most of the building on Geary and Scott streets into brick and plaster the pupils moved to the old frame School, as the Boys' High School has come to be called, and once more the Girls' High and the Boys' High shared the same building. Not for long, though, for shacks were soon erected in Hamilton Square, and then the new building on the old site, which is still in use, with Dr. Scott at the helm and Miss Laura Daniels as vice-principal as his able first mate.

October 23, 1924.

FILLMORE STREET GAINS IMPORTANCE
AFTER GREAT FIRE

Fillmore street only attained to its present metropolitan importance after the fire, when the merchants of the city, looking for a place to display the wares for which the citizens were clamoring, found in Fillmore the best available locality. It was far enough out of the fire zone to be untouched by the cinders and fallen bricks that made traffic difficult down town.

It was already a business street of some pretensions, and in addition there were many vacant lots still available for building purposes.

HORSE CAR LINE EARLY AS 1863

As early as 1863 the street had attained the dignity of a horse-car line, albeit for only a few blocks.

The line was dependent on the ubiquitous draught horses of the time for power, and the car barn was on Turk and Webster. The line was completed under contract by November 1, 1863, and the population began to follow the street cars, as usual.

The streets from Sutter to Turk along Fillmore began to be built up, and by 1870 there was a little business in the district, principally in the form of grocery stores, most of them with bars on the side, as was the custom.

DID MUCH TO PROMOTE BUILDING

The officers of the Central Railway Company were interested in colonizing the tract along the road and did much to promote building. John Middleton was president of the road, the secretary was J. T. Hoyt. A. J. Gunnison was the treasurer and the superintendent was John A. McGlynn.

The youngsters of the district went to school either in the Hayes Valley Grammar or in the Pine Street School, on Pine between Scott and Divisadero. Mrs. L. A. Russell was principal and Mrs. Abbie F. Sprague her assistant.

Dr. John M. Haley was the neighborhood physician, and lived and had his office on the south side of Turk street between Fillmore and Webster. He was a sturdy man, as Police Officer Colon remembers him, not tall, but robust and indefatigable.

GARDEN ON SITE NOW THEATER

Collie and Stewart had half the south side of Post street between Broderick and Divisadero in nurseries, and maintained an office down town at 27 Geary street for the transaction of business. There was a vegetable garden on the present site of the Lyric Theater, before the theater, occupied for a time by the Chutes.

The twelfth election ward was geographically enormous, though very sparsely populated. It extended from Bush street on the north, Larkin on the east, Market to Riddley and Ridley to the ocean on the south and on the west. John Whelan, Democrat, was district boss in the '80s and wielded his power from his saloon on the northeast corner of Golden-Gate avenue and Fillmore.

Meyer and Schlesselmann had their store on the northeast corner of Turk and Fillmore for a long time, and Daniel Cronin held forth just across the street, on the southeast corner.

The only church in the district in 1870 was located on Bush near Divisadero and was a Methodist Episcopal congregation.

October 24, 1924.

RAILROAD BRINGS SETTLERS TO FILLMORE STREET DISTRICT

Like all the rest of San Francisco, the Fillmore district felt the impetus of home-builders and home-seekers that followed the completion of the railroad

across the continent. Tourists came to look the new town over and remained to make their homes. From 1870 on (the first trainload had come in 1869), people started flocking into California and quite reasonably, most of them came first to San Francisco.

DEMANDS OF FAIR SEX SPELL NEW HOMES

The demands of the fair sex were beginning to be felt long before, and some splendid homes had been built even as early as the '50s, but, for the most part, the era of the comfortable, middle-class city house began in the '70s. The city began to spread out, and long rows of well-built frame houses of the type still extant in the unburned district grew up along the western streets.

A man named Tucker built a row of neat one-story cottages along Webster street from Washington and named it "Tucker Town." Some of the houses which were built in '72 are still standing and in excellent repair.

In 1878 the California Street Cable Railroad Company, incorporated two years before that, built the line that still runs, with an extension now from Kearny to Market, from the former street to Fillmore. The road was completed by Leland Stanford and his associates and cost \$43,000. Twenty-five cars was the full quota of its rolling stock. The car-barn and machinery were in the same place it still occupies, on California and Hyde. The new road to the Fillmore district, from the financial district down town, did much to build up the population. The hills between had been a severe problem for horses, either drawing private vehicles or street cars, and the cable car, tried out first on the disheartening Clay street hill, solved the problem neatly.

SOME OF OLD-TIME NAMES AROUSE MEMORIES

Some of the names in the old days of the district will arouse memories. Winchester owned about two blocks along Fillmore from Eddy to O'Farrell. Pollok, who ran an express business, had his home at Eddy and Ellis. William Cordes had a store on the northwest corner of Bush and Pierce, and Bowgan and Owen were on Bush and Buchanan. Daniel Sullivan was a genial host in his saloon on Ellis and Buchanan. Margraff, Miller and Co. had quite a place on the north side of Ellis near Broderick.

October 25, 1924.

MERCHANT REMEMBERS FILLMORE AS MERE
COUNTRY DISTRICT

Herman Elsbach came to the Fillmore street district as a merchant a mere matter of 40 years ago, and he is still there, and just as enthusiastic as ever. Fillmore street was still a sort of country road then, only sparsely settled beyond Bush street. The course of empire had taken its way southward from the bayshore on the north in the case of Fillmore street, and the Fillmore street wharf, at the beach, was an important landing place for cattle and merchandise.

Fillmore street south from Bush was lined with milk ranches, blacksmith shops and the small shops of wagon builders, with here and there a well-built house. The entire business district was between California and Bush streets, and it was a very small business district, at that.

PLANK SIDEWALKS WERE CONSIDERED LUXURY

There was a drug store (White's) on the corner of Geary and a saloon on the corner of Sutter and Fillmore. Lots could be bought almost anywhere along

the street for \$400 or \$500. The street was not paved, of course, and plank sidewalks were considered quite a modern luxury.

Elsbach's first store was between Bush and Pine, and a short time later he moved to the shop vacated by Thirt in the block below. Within a year or two Livingston and Livingston (not brothers nor relations) started a small drygoods store across the street, and Sam Bibb and his partner, White, opened another on the west side at the same time.

Elsbach's place was a sort of department store, called general merchandise in those days. Neither of the stores persisted, though, and both were gone within a year or so. Whigham had a candy store between California and Pine.

TEMBLOR OF 1906 TRANSFORMS DISTRICT

With the building of the car lines that crossed the street, Fillmore gradually grew into quite a little center, but it was always quiet and remote until the temblor of 1906 made it into a business street and the principal thoroughfare of San Francisco.

Fillmore certainly had its place in the sun in the post-earthquake days. The people of the city, used to fires and rebuilding after them, did not let the ashes grow cold before they demanded material for the remaking of their homes. The important firms sought new locations and, save a few of the more heroic, like the Emporium and the White House and the City of Paris, which went to the very edge of the burned district on Van Ness avenue for their temporary homes, practically all of them came to Fillmore street. Livingston Bros. bought a place from the Butler Estate and built at Geary and Fillmore. Sommer and Kauffman held forth between Post and Geary.

HERBERT STARTS BIG POPULAR RESTAURANT

Herbert started a pretentious restaurant between Sutter and Post. The "Second-Class" saloon was a

popular rendezvous for the good fellows. Across the street, a sort of "arcade," with slot machines, ran gaily almost all night. There was an odd frontier quality to the street, as I remember. Fancy clothes for either men or women were looked upon as insufferable snobbery, when most of the money and finery of the town had been burned up, and when rich and poor had been standing in bread lines together, and the costumes along Fillmore street were as likely to be of khaki as of wool or silk. Those of the business men that were trying to rehabilitate their buildings down town, or to find some little precious nucleus of their property still unburned, by necessity dressed roughly as became the occasion.

With practically no water in the mains, and only a few faucets in the town still functioning; with most of the cooking still being done on the edge of the sidewalks until the building inspectors and bricklayers should have restored the chimneys to their proper dignity; with all the spirit of hail fellow camaraderie revived after the years between pioneer days and the fire, Fillmore street was a delightful place.

Hamilton Square sheltered its share of refugees in government tents, and the camping-out zone extended to much of the immediate district. Girls' High School, dignified in its four stories of doubtful brick, was shaken out of its utility, and the old wooden Hamilton School next door, sturdy still after its 30 years of service, and the old Lowell building at Gough and Sutter housed the youngsters at their schooling. At Lowell, the boys inhabited the building in the morning and the girls came at noon.

Doctors, attorneys and business men who transacted their affairs in the downtown business buildings all found new and not too commodious quarters in the front parlors of what had been placid residences along the streets adjacent to Fillmore.

October 27, 1924.

BRIGHTER SIDE, FILLMORE'S VIEW OF
THINGS

The history of the drama in the Fillmore district is not inconsiderable. It wasn't more than a week or so before little amusement places began to spring up along Fillmore street, for San Francisco, inveterate optimist that she is, must have her fun. In fact, though it is hard for the younger generation to believe it, serious-minded lot that they are, the oldsters of the good gray city laughed with the unquenchable laughter of the gods.

Tragic as the cataclysm may have seemed to outsiders, it is an undeniable fact that the true San Franciscan donned his khaki and pulled on his rough boots with a sort of relief that there was a new and apparently impossible job of rebuilding to accomplish. The youngsters, and they aren't so young any more after these 18 years, had a perfectly gorgeous time. Romances started and, without the formalities of city living, blossomed over night, and the marriage license bureau was busy overtime.

DISASTER TAKEN AS RATHER ROUGH JOKE

It is apparently impossible to make the city take anything seriously. The town took the disaster as a rather rough, practical joke of nature, shrugged its shoulders and went to the theater in a tent or played the slot machines along Fillmore. I have heard solid business men who lost fortunes in the fire remark calmly that it is just as well that the fire cleaned up the town - It was getting sort of old-fashioned anyhow, and there hadn't been a really good fire for a long time.

During the World War, toward the end, when everybody was getting pretty weary, they brought a lot of San Franciscans back to Washington into one of the war departments.

They lit into the work and cleaned it up in no time. Someone wondered how easily the Californians

took the discomforts of the war-crowded capital and how they apparently did not suffer from the heat or the doubtful food. A pessimistic Easterner said in my hearing: Those darn San Franciscans don't know it's a war. They think it's a picnic."

There was something very like the atmosphere of a picnic, long sustained, about Fillmore street after the fire. The street was gay with merchandise crowded into inadequate space and overflowing the shop windows into the street; the soda water stands along the sidewalks for the thirsty pedestrian; the little theaters, and the laughter.

REPLICA OF PULLMAN WITH FILMS ALONGSIDE

There was a replica of a Pullman car, with movies rollicking alongside, like scenery. The car was on rockers and waved realistically.

There was a theater which alternated vaudeville with a particularly poisonous brand of "spoken movies." Concealed actors behind the screen tried to synchronize their voices to the action of the picture, and as they improvised their speeches and shrieked almost constantly, the effect was appalling. The entertainment was rather popular at that.

Legitimate drams came almost at once after the fire to Fillmore street. The Orpheum, the Alcazar and several others built immediately and only moved back downtown when business was well established again.

At the present time the district is still rich in movie theaters, some of them of metropolitan importance. The Fillmore is a splendid showhouse. The Princess is the only home of vaudeville in the district. There are the American, Progress, Class A, Republican and Regent, all well patronized.

LARGEST DANCE HALL IN ENTIRE WEST

The Winter Garden, largest dance hall in the west, was in its early days a skating rink and at one time the proud possessor of an ice floor. Rehabilitated, under the able management of Charles Dathe

the place has taken the dancing public by storm, and crowds assemble every night to tread the light fantastic. Dreamland began as a skating rink also, but has become a rendezvous of the sports, with an occasional venture into politics.

For the younger set the Hamilton playground, its destinies presided over by Miss Frances Wear, has the largest attendance of any of the public playgrounds in the city. The Fillmore street folks have never forgotten how to play. The street is crowded every moment of the day and evening with pedestrians and automobiles. The shops still display their wares with the metropolitan care that they learned during the post-earthquake days from the big downtown merchants.

October 28, 1924.

FIRE, EARTHQUAKE OF 1906 MARKED FILLMORE STREET BOOM

The story of the arches, unique in the city, is the story of the Fillmore street Improvement Association. In the last year or so the words "and Merchants" has been added to the title, but in the beginning it was simply "the Improvement." The club was begun by some of the important merchants who came to the district after the fire and established their business homes there. Weinstock, Lubin and Co., Raphael, whose sign in enormous letters had decorated the skyline of the western hills, Hale Brothers, Marks Brothers, the Philadelphia Shoe Company, Roos Brothers, Livingston's, George Harris and many others prominently were represented in the original membership when the first meeting of the club was held in 1906.

The first president was Norton C. Wells, manager of the California Bank. The succeeding presidents were Weinstock, Livingston, A. J. Pon, Charles S. Laumeister, former sheriff, William W. Barrett, L. C. Levey, who was the president at the time of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915, J. M. Broher, H. C. Breedon, A. F. Wagner, A. L. McRowe, I. Beck, A. L. Rhinehart and Frank Mail, the present incumbent.

STREET LIGHTING FIRST ACTIVITY

The first activity of the club was the lighting of the street. With the spirit of rebuilding strong upon them, the members raised a large sum of money by assessing the property owners along Fillmore street \$3 per front foot and built the spectacular arches, which have burned steadily ever since.

The average income of the club is from \$9000 to \$10,000 a year, and about \$8,000 of it is spent in keeping up the lighting system. The holiday lights are provided in part by the proceeds of an annual ball at the Winter Garden, this year to take place on November 19, with Chester Williamson and a large committee in charge of the arrangements.

L. C. Levey has been an active force in the association since its inception. He came to the street as a property owner in 1877 and is still going strong.

The Fillmore News, established 15 years ago, has played a not inconsiderable part as spokesman of the Improvement Club. After several changes in ownership, it is now edited and published by James R. Booth, who has been official scribe of the district for the last five years.

The parent-teacher associations in the schools all are active and well officered and have been of much co-operative service in keeping up the standards of the district under what might have been discouraging conditions to a less courageous or competent citizenry.

Edwin Elsbach is president of the Fillmore Merchants' Trading Stamp Company, a co-operative mercantile arrangement which serves to keep a good deal of the buying power of the district at home.

The present directorate of the Fillmore Improvement and Merchants' Association is representative of the leading business men of the busy street. James Blake Mail is president, and Edwin Elsbach and Joseph C. Bray share the honors as vice-presidents. Charles C. Levey, brother of L.C., is secretary, and A. L. McRowe is treasurer. The

executive committee is made up of Charles Stockwitz, A. H. Reinert, E. E. Walley, Chester Williamson, J. Raymond Smith and Clarence A. Son.

It well might be said that the birthday of Fillmore street occurred on the morning of April 18, 1906, and surely no street ever had a more eventful initiation into the busy world. The district in reality, in its present form at least, is a mere 18 years old and has promise of growing from lusty adolescence into mature dignity.

MANY BANKS ALONG STREET

I'd like to keep roaming along Fillmore street and the surrounding country, telling some of the thousand and one little romantic details that abound in its history, but the Spring Valley, and washerwoman's Bay, and Cow Hollow are names that intrigue me, and over the brow of the Fillmore hill we must go tomorrow to consider those very interesting spots with the romantic and captivating names. Will you come along?

October 29, 1924.

SPRING VALLEY

SPRING VALLEY HAS LURE ALL ITS OWN

Gus Harper sets the boundaries of Spring Valley at Broadway on the south, the Presidio on the west, San Francisco bay on the north and Van Ness or Polk on the east. In that magic country lay a thousand delights in the old days of the city. The springs that gave the valley its name welled pure and sweet in every direction. In the middle of the valley lay the Laguna, as the maps have it, and Washerwoman's bay in popular parlance. This was a real lake, deep in the center and apparently fed from an inexhaustible spring of sweet water. Even

in the fifties it was a sort of center of population, and besides the washing that made use of the water, dairies and vegetable gardens and other interests took advantage of the lake and the charming willow woods that surrounded it.

KANAKAS USED TO WASH CLOTHES

The "washerwomen" were not women at all, but Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands, some of them deserted sailors, some of them erstwhile domestics in the employ of early-day settlers. They built runways into the water of the lake and tables at the end of the ways. Then they stood waist deep in the water and flung the clothes that they washed about with much gusto and more or less benefit to the clothing. In the census of 1842 many of the natives of the South Seas appear, always with a Spanish name, and the word Canaca (spelled with the Spanish "c") as surname.

Washerwoman's bay predated the pioneers apparently. A. J. Easton had a steam laundry on the lake by 1854 and was charged among his other customers with the laundry of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. The soapy water did much to cloud the clear water of the lagoon, and Cook's tannery, which was soon built, emptied the brown tanbark into the water..

LAKE FILLED IN ABOUT 1882.

After the end of the '60s there was talk of filling it up permanently, and before that a sewer had been run out Lombard to drain it. The natural outlet, a large creek that emptied into the salt water sloughs beyond the sand dunes, had been closed off by the drifting of the sand. The boundaries of the lake were Lombard on the north, Filbert on the south somewhere between Gough and Franklin on the east, and Octavia on the west.

The lake was filled in about 1882 by labor furnished by the Sheriff, who recruited his men

from the prisoners at the branch county jail at Stockton and Francisco streets. He marched them over the sand dunes and on such roads as were available, linked together by a long chain strung through their hand-cuffs. Sometimes there would be as many as 40 or 50 men parading in the early morning in melancholy state.

USED BALL AND CHAIN ON MEN

When they reached the scene of the filling-in operations each man was fitted with an ankle band, with a heavy ball at the end of a chain riveted to it. They would fill the wheelbarrows with sand and then put the ball on top and trundle the double burden to the dump.. Possibly some of the small boys that viewed the performance were thereby directed into a future life of righteousness. I have heard echoes, though, of momentous flights, wherein groups of small boys, fleeing a wrothy policeman, would dodge in and out of manholes and eventually lose themselves and the policeman in the intricacies of the "creeks" that preceded the filled-in flats at the beach front. I'm sure neither Gus Harper nor Luke Fay had anything to do with such matters, but I must say that they both seemed to know a good deal about the method of the race.

When the laguna was in its heyday, the Willows, a little resort that was the rendezvous for the French colony in the city, was at the south end of the lake. L'Ami was the proprietor and the place was a pleasant little garden with picnic tables outdoors, and a saloon and other simple pleasures available, including a dancing platform. The entrance was on Franklin at about Greenwich, and the place occupied about half a block.

STAGE LINE WAS FIRST CONVEYANCE

In those days Black Point, now Fort Mason, appeared on the maps as Point San Jose. The first public conveyance to the district was by way of the stage

line which started at the Plaza and came out the Pacific street toll road and down to Harbor View, and then went on out to Fort Point, where the square brick fort, Winfield Scott, was later built, to the intense pride of the belligerent minded of the city inhabitants and the consolation of the timid.

October 30, 1924.

SPRING VALLEY LABELED "COW HOLLOW" BY
VETERANS

Spring Valley has as many names as a Reno matron of the third degree. Spring Valley it was at first, on account of the springs. Then when the cow ranches and the grazing herds of the splendid forties and early fifties lent color to the valley and the hills in back of it, it became Cow Hollow, and so is called by those that loved it in their boyhood.

The name was perpetuated by one George Walker, now a well-known contractor, at a political meeting of the Twelfth district in Pixley's Hall on Pacific and Polk. He spoke with some authority, and an opposition delegate asked him what precinct he represented. Walker drew himself up proudly and said "I represent my home district, Cow Hollow," And so it was known among the elect.

Of late years, with Spring Valley as a name so closely identified with the water company and the various properties of that corporation, the inhabitants of the valley and the Merchants' Association thereof have christened it, very appropriately, "Golden Gate Valley," and surely that is no misnomer, for it is on the very shore of that famous strait and the waters of it wash the lower reaches of the valley and dash against the bulkheads of the Marina, which marks the northern boundary.

STILL SPRING VALLEY WAY BACK IN EARLY
FIFTIES

It was still Spring Valley when Gustavus D. Harper St. came from New Orleans and married Hettie

Pell in '51. Her father Elijah Pell, had come with Sam Brannan from New York in 1846 to settle in California. Pell took up 160 acres in 1848, before the discovery of gold, in the valley. His land was in that space bounded by Jackson, Laguna, Octavia, Fillmore and the bay. When Gustavus Harper and Hettie Pell were married they lived in a house on Vallejo near Laguna until they went to Contra Costa county in 1856 or 1858.

Gus Harper Jr. was born in '52, and went to school in the old Spring Valley School, then located on Union between Franklin and Gough, where the Sherman School stands now. Miss Jane Hurley was one of the teachers. There was Miss Hannicker, too, and Mrs. Mary Buffen. A Mr. Burnell was principal when the younger Gus first remembered and later Mr. Marks, who went afterward to the famous Lincoln Grammar as principal.

BAY FRONT FURNISHED THRILLS FOR YOUNGSTERS

There was the lagoon for boys to swim in, and the bay front, with its tide flats and creeks of salt water to fish in and to dig for clams and oysters. Cockles of succulent excellence abounded all the way from Black Point to Fort Scott.

Ducks came to the marshes behind the sand dunes and tempted the marksmanship of youthful hunters. Luke Fay tells of shooting the agile "blue bills" through the fences of the marshes around the Fillmore street wharf.

The fences bounded hog ranches, and what with the pigs on one side and the salt marsh on the other, it must have been a rather uncomfortable sort of shooting blind, but it never discouraged the youngsters. In fact, some of them haven't got over it yet, for when I tried to find Gus Harper yesterday I found that he had gone duck hunting and was out of town.

George Greene and his family hadn't planted the eucalyptus trees there then. Jesse Cook, one-time

chief of police and now police commissioner, admits that his splendid horsemanship, later in much demand for parades and such, was gained in boyish adventures among the horses turned out in the Presidio.

A hackamore around an equine nose and agile bare feet - shoes could be hidden in sandhills near home and retrieved at evening - and soon none of the horses could throw the small boy.

Spring Valley, or Golden Gate Valley, was a small boys' paradise in those days.

October 31, 1924.

OLD BALLOON CARS MADE HARBOR VIEW A POPULAR RESORT

Harbor View became a famous and popular place of general resort when the balloon cars began to run down hill to the cypress-hedged pleasure garden at the foot of Baker street. The point on which it was built was known before its advent as Strawberry point, and the very early-day youngsters found it one of the enticing spots in the general delightful playground of the valley.

The car was a remarkable affair, quite a success from a utilitarian standpoint. It was almost circular as to body, with a central pivot on the four-wheeled truck drawn by one horse. When the car reached the terminal, the horse driver who was also the conductor and the ticket collector, pulled out the retaining pin that held the end of the car and the truck together, led the horse around so that he faced the other way, dropped the retaining pin again into place, and the faithful steed pulled the car back again, without the aid of any turntable whatever.

The car started from the then terminal of the Sutter street line, built in the late sixties, at Vallejo and Polk, rambled out Polk to Fred Weisenbaum's grocery store and saloon at Polk and

Filbert, thence to Union, to Steiner, to Greenwich, to Baker, and down the long stretch to the friendly shelter of the cypress trees at Harbor View.

SAME TREES AT EXPOSITION

To the uninitiate, the delightful "forbidden garden" of the California building at the P.P.I.E. was surrounded by the selfsame cypress hedge that had kept the wind off the visitors to Harbor View in the old days.

The place was run by the Hermanns, relatives of Fred Weisenbaum of the Spring Valley grocery above mentioned. The area of it was that space bounded by North Point, Baker, Lyon and the bay.

One of the principal attractions was the restaurant of Louis Swartz, where the clam chowder, crabs and other delectables were served in conjunction with the inevitable beer, drawn slowly from a huge keg so that the froth permeated every drop of it and the "collar" was very trifling. On the top of the keg there was always a piece of wet sacking, sprinkled with hemp seed, which clothed the top of the barrel with a delicate lawn of pale green. There were the inevitable picnic tables, and a dance pavilion and other attractions for the amusement seeker of the period.. Swartz's son ran his restaurant until the days of the exposition.

ANDY McLEAN AT HALF-WAY HOUSE

Andy McLean ran the Half-Way house on Lombard street. He had his place on the north side between Pierce and Steiner. Later he moved to the Fillmore street wharf, which Walter Engel's father had built at the foot of the street to accomodate the ships that brought lumber to his yard. He had a lease from the city allowing him to build the jetty.

The Winter Garden, on the east side of Baker street south of Beach, was a dancing place of the '70s. The Seaside Gardens, another rival of Harbor View, were on the southeast corner of North Point

and Baker. John Evans is listed in the directory of 1854 as running the Spring Valley Bath House.

Some of the well-known characters of the early days were famous for their skill in the water, and one writer of reminiscences dilates on the picture that the swimmers made in the early morning.

Ladies, if they indulged in sea bathing, were discreetly swathed in bathing dresses of long-skirted and stockinged sufficiency, and I rather judge that only the more courageous paddled the waters of the strait after they had passed the tomboy stage.

One could catch huge crabs from the Fillmore street wharf with very little bother, and rock cod and perch, bass and smelt snatched delightedly at any bait at all caught on a bent pin.

There was a shooting range near Harbor View, and the marksmen aimed at the sand banks and such targets as were set up in them. The Civil War was so near then as the World War is to us, and the Mexican War was still a vivid topic with the men who had fought in it, many of whom came to San Francisco when the affair was over. Not only was warfare active, but for the courageous ones who braved the mountains and the valleys searching for the elusive "strike" of gold, marksmanship meant the difference between supper and going hungry.

November 1, 1924.

OLD BRICK FLUME ENGINEERING FAILURE BUT BOYS DELIGHT

It took E. W. Burr just six years to become mayor of San Francisco after he arrived in 1850. His son, E. C. Burr, tells of the first months in the town, when his father, unable to rent or buy a house for the excellent reason that there

was none built, purchased the good ship Charleston, where she lay in the harbor just off Clark's Point at the foot of Broadway, for the sum of \$700. The family lived on the ship quite comfortably for the next eight months while the house that Burr had ordered from the East was coming around the Horn, knocked down, and was being built.

There was a slight hitch in the process for the great fire of 1851 almost destroyed the lumber of several of the houses, which were shipped in the same lot. Burr had to use the parts of two houses to construct the one that was finally built in 1852 at Filbert street and Van Ness avenue, where it stood most sturdily until the firemen dynamited it in 1906. Burr later was swept into the mayoralty on the flood of the Vigilance Committee activities in 1856 and managed to reduce the yearly expenditures for the city from \$1,500,000 to \$30,000. When E. C. Burr was married his father gave him a choice of building lots and he chose the site of his residence at Vallejo near Franklin, where the gracious old mansion still stands in its pleasant garden.

TURTLE SHELLS MADE SLEDS

Ed Burr told me of one boyish sport in the old days of Spring Valley that was probably never duplicated anywhere in the world. Great green turtles were brought here from Mexico in the '50s and the meat sold in the markets. Ships bringing hides from the Mexican and Baja California ranges brought the turtles as an extra.

The empty shells, wide enough for a sizeable youngster to sit in, were begged from Haskell's hide yard, and turned into sleds by the resourceful youngsters. The method of use was to dig a sort of trench into the water, slicking the surface with soft mud, and if the slope was steep enough the boat-shaped shell shot down at quite a pace. The real fun came when an initiate was able to switch

the boat with just the turn that overturned the unknowing and trustful "greenhorn" that had been induced to sit in the turtle shell.

EXCHANGED MILCH COWS

One of the tasks of the younger Burr was to exchange the milch cows which the family kept for its use in Spring Valley for fresh milkers from the ranch near San Mateo. It was an all day trip and then some for the 12 year old boy on horseback driving the dry cow down the peninsula and bringing the fresh one back. He rode along what was the line of Polk street in later years to Washington then west to Van Ness and to about Bush, and then out Bush following the natural valleys and the rough trails to the foot of the valley north of Laurel Hill cemetery to where Kilian kept his road house.

Then through the scrub oak of Sans Souci Valley to the headquarters of the Mission Creek to the Odeon and down the Comino Vallejo over the ancient way of the Padres. If he had started by 7 a.m. he might get back by 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening, going steadily all day.

OLD FLUME WAS BOYS' DELIGHT

The old brick flume, built by the ambitious engineers of the Mountain Lake Water Company, was a source of constant delight to the small boys of the valley's early days. The company had bored tunnels into the hills around Mountain Lake in the Presidio and planned to supply the whole city with water. The flume was built elaborately, with many turns and twists, the terminal at Valley and Gough, a five foot square tunnel of brick work. Plans were made for an extensive celebration when the water should gush forth from the flume and guests were there and flags flying.

The water was turned on, but alas for the plans of mice and men: The engineers had overlooked one important scientific fact. Water will not flow uphill, and the outlet of the flume was eight feet

above the surface of the lake: The flume was not built in vain, though, for it was a small boys heaven for years. One could go on, timorously, of course, with a candle at least five blocks in the brick tunnel, and the mouth of it made a marvelous entrance to a perfect robbers' cave.

November 3, 1924.

LOTTA FLED STAGE IN FEAR AT DEBUT

Larkin street was the official western limit of the city when the old-timers came to Cow Hollow. The streets beyond were mere trails, not at all on the line that they occupy now. When Ed Burr went to school for the first time on January 18, 1853, Tom Evans and W. J. Dutton were among the beginning youngsters. They're not youngsters now, but they do not forget the boyhood days in the valley. Gus Harper was there by a year later. Jake Rudolph and his brothers, Tom and Jack, went to that school, and later ruled the Larkin street "gang", which went in orderly fashion every so often to test their fighting skill with the Pacific avenue crowd.

The Murphy boys, Frank and Neally, were with the Larkin street lot. Tom Collins ruled the Pacific avenue coterie, and he was a mighty foeman.

A Dr. White lived on Larkin near Union, and he was very interested in psychic research. Groups of serious-minded inquirers into the mysteries of Rochester rappings were wont to gather around the table in his parlor and try to bring the spirits to confer with them.. The bad little boys, with the eternal ribaldry of youth, would rig a tick-tat-too with a nail and a bit of string and tap the windows during the seances.

Pacific street ended as a street at Larkin. Beyond that it was the Presidio toll road. Jimmy McGinn, a real character of the day much remarked by old-timers in their reminiscences, kept the tollhouse in the middle of the next block. A chap named Phair had a saloon opposite where the thirsty might fortify themselves for the next stage of the not inconsiderable journey to the fort.

Lotta Crabtree lived on the road with Cora Nelson, who was the daughter of Tom Nelson of Nelson and Doble down town. Abner Doble, his partner, lived on the road also.

Ed Burr remembers the first public appearance of Lotta on any stage. She was going to school then at the old Spring Valley, and as was the custom in those days, was required to take part in the Friday afternoon "speaking". She had been taught to sing "Annie Laurie," and stood up bravely enough. She got as far as "Maxwellton braes are bonny," and then burst into tears and rushed from the platform weeping in terror.

REMEMBERS HER FIRST APPEARANCE

Burr saw her many times later, dancing and singing before packed halls filled with all manner of people, when the enthusiasts rained gold on the stage with delight at her charm and cleverness, but he hasn't forgotten the first performance of all in the little school house in Cow Hollow.

Pete Burns insists that Lotta was the most wonderful actress that ever lived, and that he saw every performance of every play that she appeared in in San Francisco. Tom Boyle and Luke Fay, who were present at the statement of Pete, about agreed with him. I wonder if the movie fans of today will be faithful to their darlings 60 years from now? One of the most delightful qualities about the old-timers is their enthusiasm. I wonder if it isn't the secret of the "spirit of San Francisco" that the poets of the world have sung about?

WHITEY'S LOT WAS BASEBALL GROUND

Whitey's lot, at Lombard and Polk, was the locale of the ball games that were played in the valley. Pete Burns was a tireless heaver of the horsehide, and to this day has never lost his interest in the great American sport. Probably at

the moment of this writing he is urging his pet team, the Burns Colts, to greater activity on the diamond at Funston Field, where the modern boys learn the gentle art of ball twirling under the alert eyes of the veterans.

November 4, 1924.

SHIPS FIND GRAVES OFF COW HOLLOW SHORE

Wrecks came often to the beaches near Cow Hollow. Ships that had been laid up for years were reconditioned at the time of the gold rush, manned by men anxious to get to the gold fields, and sailed around the Horn to the promised land beyond the Golden Gate. Even in these days when the pilots have had a century to study the channels and fogs the way in is not easy in thick weather, and in the days of the pioneers, many of the ships came to grief on the rocks near the Fort Point.

The bones of the Lyman Stewart are evidence of the latter day dangers, and in the memory of still young people the Rio Janeiro remains a horrifying and mysterious wreck in the channel. Of the old vessels that were cast on the beach the "boys" remember the Granada, the Golden Eagle and the Viscada among the others. Many of the ships came in Ballast of field stones, and when they broke on the beach the stones made a magnificent clam bed for the huge clams that lived in the strait in those days. The amateur clam diggers had to dig them from under the cobbles with picks, but they were worth it.

SEA OTTERS ABOUNDED

Sea Otters had abounded in still earlier days along the coast and even inside the bay, and the Russians had come down from their hunting lands in the north to capture them for the fine fur they bore. On Russian Hill some of them were buried, long before the Gringos came, and Ed Burr tells of finding little crosses of blue with transverse arms

of red on the slopes of the hill. 1851 Amarius Wilson, a loyal Hebrew, prominent in early days, gave a plot of land on Vallejo street near Franklin for a burial ground for the people of his race. When Ed Burr built his home just opposite, the cemetery had not been used for some time, and most of the bodies had been disinterred and removed to the cemetery near the Mission Dolores, now the site of the playground opposite the Mission High School.

HUTCHISONS HERE EARLY

Of the first settlers in the district whose cow ranches gave the valley its pet name, there were the Hutchison Brothers with their dairy at Union and Van Ness. Later, when the land grew too valuable for dairy purposes, they moved to Visitacion Valley. J. W. Gudwith had a ranch in Cow Hollow, and so did Charley Killey. There was Gullivers' hill around Fillmore and Green, and the Podds. Cleversol was another, and Fassler too. Fellowes was the official keeper of stock in the Presidio and most of the blooded horses of the town had at some time or other grazed in the reservation under his care. There were the Daltons and the Pillings, who lived opposite. At Pacific and Pierce there was a quarry.

Frank Pixley, one time editor of that famous old sheet the Argonaut, had a beautiful home in the square block bounded by Fillmore, Steiner, Union and Green.

WILLOUGHBY HAD A HOG RANCH

John Evans kept the Spring Valley House in the '50s and J. C. Garner alternated a hog ranch and a saloon as means of livelihood. Charles H. Lapham was listed as a stock dealer of the valley in '54 and Sylvester Mowry had a thirst emporium.

Nathaniel Brooks was a competitor of the latter. W. J. Whitney grew produce for the market and L. Cabana, who kept a stall in Washington Market, lived on the lagoon.

The Cook family, founded in San Francisco by Captain H. N. Cook, who came as a sea captain and remained as the owner of the tannery on the lagoon, lived next to the old school on the road just past Union.

Among the children were Hiram Cook, famous sport and referee of the good old days; Walter Cook and Nellie Cook, Bill Lange, famous ball player, was a product of Cow Hollow, and his family made their home there. The Rudolfs we have mentioned before. Jake Rudolph became bodyguard to the great blind political boss, Chris Buckley, and watched over him for years.

WESTERN TOLL GATE THERE

The western toll gate of the Presidio road was kept by the Jones family and was just beyond Francisco street on the west side of Fillmore.

Sparks street, now called Polk, was the official slaughter house district, and most of the abattoirs of the town were located there in the late fifties. Among the well-known butchers were George Bliss, David Mahoney and Dick Finley. Pacific and Sparks or Polk was the center of the industry.

Joe Wood, intimately connected with the Mountain Lake Water Company of unrealized ambitions, had a produce ranch at Pierce and Vallejo.

November 5, 1924.

HARBOR VIEW ONCE VISIONED AS GREAT FERRY R. R. TERMINAL

James G. Fair had visions of a magnificent ferry and railroad terminal at Harbor View when he bought extensively in that locality. His scheme

included a line of trains and ferries that should extend from Seattle to San Francisco, with the grand finale at Harbor View. He did not live to see the Panama-Pacific Exposition, of course, and the only regular ferry boat that has plied to the shore of the valley was the special Key Route ferry to the exposition. The early day ferries to Sausalito used Meiggs wharf at North Beach, as the terminal.

STORY OF EXPOSITION BEGAN SCORE OF YEARS AGO

The story of the exposition really began a score of years ago, on January 12, 1904, when Reuben Hale, chairman of the standing committee on public affairs of the Merchants' Association, proposed that an exposition be held in commemoration of the completion of the Panama Canal, which would be in about 10 years. He anticipated that it would take about that long to raise the funds. The fair was to be called the "Pacific Ocean Exposition," and was to be built on a wharf out into the ocean.

Various civic organizations approved the plan, and wired Representative Julius Kahn at Washington to that effect. He introduced a bill in Congress to appropriate the money, which failed to be carried.

In 1906 the great fire turned the minds of San Francisco for the moment to their own immediate concerns, but so great was the spirit of rebuilding that only seven months after the fire the plans were resumed. By 1909 an appropriation had passed the legislature for \$1,000,000 for an international exposition.

SAN FRANCISCO DECIDED ON AS EXPOSITION SITE

C. C. Moore managed to enlist the interest of Los Angeles in the project, and at a meeting of 50 cities of California and the Coast states, San Francisco was decided on as the preferred city and all

the strength of the Western group was focused on bringing the exposition to the Golden Gate.

New Orleans became the chief rival. At a memorable meeting at which Larry Harris acted as the auctioneer, on April 28, 1910, \$4,000,000 was subscribed by San Francisco interests. On May 5, a group of delegates left for Washington, and Julius Kahn introduced a bill asking that the fair be instituted and the nations invited to participate when \$5,000,000 had been raised. New Orleans countered the move and introduced a similar resolution through General Estopinal. San Francisco retaliated by offering to finance the entire show. In August, preliminary polls showed 65 votes for New Orleans, and 35 for San Francisco, but on the final vote on January 31, 1911, San Francisco came into victory with the ballot standing at 191 to 160 in her favor.

FAIRY CITY LEAVES ITS MARK ON SAN FRANCISCO

On February 20, 1915, the gates were thrown open on the fairy city, and on December 4, of the same year, the last light was flashed off and all that was left of the marvel was a few of the buildings and a very marked influence on the architecture of the city for all of the years since that time.

Tomorrow we'll have to leave Cow Hollow, and depart for the fascinating environs of North Beach, where Meiggs wharf and a dozen other interests will console us in some degree for having to leave the delights of Golden Gate Valley.

November 6, 1924.

NORTH BEACH

LATIN QUARTER TERMED LAND
OF ROMANCE, DELIGHT

The romancer approaches North Beach with the emotions of a gourmet about to begin on a perfect banquet. The historian moves wearily, for so entrancing are some of the tales of the place that it is almost impossible to believe them wholly true. For the reporter, merely repeating the memories of the old timers, and dealing in first hand reminiscences, North Beach is a source of delight.

From Meiggs wharf, which was built before any other of the amusement places in the outlying districts of the city, and around which center a thousand and one romances, to the present day interests of the busy Latin quarter, fisherman's wharf, and Bohemia on Telegraph Hill, the "beach" teems with interest.

To begin at the beginning, one must go back to the really old times, when Apolino Miranda and his wife Juanna Briones, built an adobe house on a hundred vara lot at the northeast corner of Filbert and Powell streets, in 1838.

With the houses of Richardson and of Leese the adobe represented the only settlement on the peninsula outside of the Presidio and the Mission Dolores. Apolino died in 1845, but Juanna Briones continued to keep the Leche (milk) ranch on North Beach for years, where sailors coming ashore from their vessels would buy milk, or aguardiente, as their tastes ran.

Here they also might hire horses to go the long way to the Mission, and Luke Fay claims that here it was that the phrase "a sailor on horse-back" originated, for it was a commonplace that small boys always called out the phrase whenever they saw an ungainly rider.

BOYS LEARNED TO RIDE WELL

In early day California, when a boy learned to ride about as early as he learned to walk, a clumsy rider was such a rarity that being a sailor and a stranger was the only possible explanation. The present day site of Washington Square was Juanna Briones' vegetable garden, and her house stood in the lot next the church. Senora Briones had several very beautiful daughters, one of whom married Bob Ridley, proprietor of the Mansion House, famous to the pioneers as a place where almost perfect milk punches were served.

The Mansion House was housed in a part of the old buildings in the Mission Dolores quadrangle. Apolino Miranda, husband of Juanna, was the first man to die on North Beach, at least as far as actual authentic records go. He was buried with much circumstance at the Mission Dolores, and Juanna continued the ranch well into the memories of some of the old timers.

LARIATS WERE REAL TREASURES

Small boys used to call the big enclosure Spanish lot, and watched with deep interest the old Mexican who used spindles to wind up the horsehair with which he made intricately woven ropes, saddle circingles, and lariats for the vacqueros.

Horsehair lariats were particularly treasured in the days of the cattlemen. When the rattlesnakes still infested the nearby hills. It is a more or less authenticated belief that a snake will not crawl over the scratchy hairs of a hair rope, and many a benighted cowpuncher has slept the sleep of trusting security, rolled in his blankets on the ground, while his horsehair lariat lay on the sand in a wide ring around him.

The original Roman Catholic Church in the city, after the ancient Mission of course, was the church

of St. Francis, built in 1849, on Columbus avenue and Vallejo street. It was housed in a very simple wooden structure, several times replaced, and now finally grown to a beautiful gothic pile, with twin towers that stand like sentinels over the fortunes of the "beach", with the green willows and spreading lawns of the Washington square, forming a lovely background.

November 7, 1924.

HARRY MEIGGS LOOKED UPON AS THE FATHER OF NORTH BEACH

One of the most romantic figures in the early day life of San Francisco was Harry Meiggs, who might be called the father of North Beach without exaggerating. He was a native of New York and came to San Francisco in 1850. He believed from the first that the "beach" was the inevitable center of industry and trade in the young city and began buying up much land in that district. By 1853 he was a member of the Board of Aldermen and in that capacity did much for the district. Among his other accomplishments he was instrumental in having the bodies buried in the district removed to the new Yerba Buena cemetery, at what is now the Civic Center. His principal activities for the beach, however, took the form of grading and other street improvements. Stockton, Powell and many other now extremely important thoroughfares were cut through and graded through his efforts.

BUILT WHARF IN 1853

In 1853 he built the wharf that has made him famous for all time in the annals of the city. The structure was 2000 feet long and ran into the water at the foot of Powell street and extended to where the great gas caisson is now. It originally had two "ells", the inner one of which was blown down in a great norther in the middle sixties. The structure was primarily designed to

make a port of call for the ships bringing lumber to Meiggs' lumber yard from the mills in Mendocino county.

Very soon it became the nucleus of the most popular amusement ground of the day, and the old-timers remember with sentimental vividness strolls out on the long wharf in company with the charming, beruffled girls of the period. On quiet moonlight nights, so quiet was the scene that one might hear the old side-wheelers paddling up the bay, or even coming in the strait, for there was no screw steamers in those days, and the paddle wheel propelled oceangoing steamers as well as ferry boats.

FLEES S. F. AMID DEBTS

Meiggs was oversanguine over the immediate future of the beach and, in combination with his other business ventures, his affairs in the district suffered heavily. In desperation Meiggs tried to extricate himself from his terrible difficulties by using some of the public collateral to satisfy his debts. He borrowed large sums on warrants signed in blank which he had in his possession. When the jig seemed inevitably up, Meiggs chartered a brig and let it be believed that he was merely going for a short trip up the bay. On October 6, 1854, he sailed out of the Golden Gate, in company with his brother, and, cruising about the Pacific, touched Tahiti. Eventually he landed in Chile, practically without funds, and turned his genius to building railroads, until he became enormously wealthy by reason of his work and repaid all the money to his creditors in San Francisco.

He started as an overseer of a gang of laborers on the railroad being constructed between Valparaiso and Santiago and going from that into his original business of contracting, was the motive spirit behind the building of the railroad that conquered the Andes.

This Peruvian venture made him a multimillionaire, and marvelous tales are told of his generosity

and hospitality to stranded Americans, and especially such Californians as came in Peru without friends or funds.

PASS LAW TO ALLOW RETURN

Shortly after 1870 an agitation was set on foot among his own friends to make it possible for him to come back, and the state legislature of 1873-74 passed one of the most remarkable bills in history, a special law allowing Harry Meiggs to come back to California and prohibiting the grand jury from indicting him for any crimes committed prior to 1855. Governor Newton Booth refused to countenance the bill and vetoed it, but the houses of the legislature passed it over his objection.

Harry Meiggs did not take advantage of the chance to come back, however. Perhaps he dreaded leaving a place where he was an important and respected leader of finance to assume the role of prodigal son in California. The consensus of opinion among the old timers seems to be that Meiggs was not nearly so culpable as might appear at first glance, and time has laid a kindly patina over the sharp outlines of the story. Whatever may have been his faults, the fact remains that he was a builder of great vision and large accomplishment, and left his mark in some of the biggest projects of the time. He passed the final years of his life in Peru, scene of his most important successes, and died at Lima in 1877.

November 8, 1924.

MEIGGS WHARF WAS CENTER OF AMUSEMENT IN OLD TIMES

Meiggs wharf, with Abe Warner's place at the foot of it, was the center of quite a little amusement district in the very early days of the

city. Warner's was a quaint conglomerate of cheer and cobwebs, of monkeys, bears and hot rum punches. Inside, the place boasted two rooms on the ground floor, one the saloon, with the bar at one end, and the little stove at the side, with the old copper tea kettle simmering in readiness for the punches.

A great white cockatoo hung on a ring in the center, and howled at the visitor "I'll have rum and gum, what'll you have?" That was his whole vocabulary, save a certain amount of unprintable profanity.

Abe Warner presided over the liquids in a high silk hat and frock coat, and the place was hung with paintings and curios from the seven seas and all of the lands around the seas, but he would never have the place cleaned or dusted, and the spiders soon wove deep hangings of cobwebs that hung from the ceilings in great gray festoons.

Next the saloon was a "sitting room," not the conventional back room of the saloon at that time, but an open place, somewhat frequented by ladies, who dropped in for a bowl of the fish chowder that was one of the attractions of the place. Outside were the cages of the monkeys and the bears, and one old bear, a grizzly, tethered only by a chain. He had been brought down from the mountains by a company of soldiers, but the commander of the fort wouldn't allow them to keep the bear at the Presidio and the boys gave him to Warner.

LIKED TO PLAY WITH SOLDIERS

Every now and then a company of the boys in uniform would come out to see him, and he appeared to recognize the dress, for he would allow the soldiers to tousle his thick fur and play with him in the most friendly manner. The small boys wanted to follow their example, but they didn't dare. Several times the bear got loose, and then there would be much excitement until the beast was chained up again.

He always made for the bay, and played about in the water and on the beach until someone lassoed him and dragged him home. W. A. Coulter, marine artist, had his studio almost on the beach, where he could sketch his ships and try out his sculling boat between times.

He tells of several exciting times when Bruin outwitted his pursuers for hours, both by land and sea.

There were ringtailed monkeys that hung from precarious perches by their prehensile tails, and snatched the bonnets of the fair visitors from their "frizzed" hair, built high in chignons and "waterfalls." Parrots and cockatoos and coyotes, and all the other live plunder of a hundred and one ships that landed at the wharf found a ready purchaser in Warner from their sailor owners.

PEANUT BUY CAUGHT MAN

Zachariah Colby, crippled in the mines, sold peanuts to the wharf, and by the animal denizens thereof, and Colby waxed rich and prosperous and left the wharf eventually and opened a more pretentious cigar store in the Mission, where he also ran a poker game.

One time a criminal was caught because he was indiscreet enough to buy \$7 worth of peanuts at the wharf to feed the monkeys and bears, out of his ill-gotten money. Old Sampson sold peanuts there, too, but on a less pretentious scale than Colby. Ira, never known by another name, had charge of the bears and used to go every morning for "lights" to the market, where the butchers gave him more than his charges could possibly consume, in the lavish manner of the times. Tom Riley had a shooting gallery on the wharf, where one might try one's skill with an air rifle and darts.

White, a cockney from London, had a museum in which the main attraction was an educated pig, which would play "seven-up" with all-comers. The cards were laid on the floor, and when the human

player shoved a card at the porcine expert, the pig would root at the card he chose to play until it was abreast of the other. White also boasted a collection of bears and monkeys. Bret Harte wrote "Warner's" into one of his verses. He sings of the Meiggs wharf, then - - - - -

"Hard by there stands an ancient
hostelrie,
And at its side a garden, where
the bear,
The stealthy catamount and coon
agree
To work deceit on all who
gather there;
And when Augusta - the uncon-
scious fair -
With nuts and apples plieth
Bruin free,
Low the green parrot claweth
her back hair,
And the gray monkey grabbeth
fruits that she
On her gay bonnet wears, and
laugheth loud in glee:"

November 10, 1924.

OLD-TIME POLITICIANS HAD BODYGUARDS, NOT PRESS AGENTS

Every boy within miles tried out his skill at climbing the greasy pole erected in Mason's lot on the north side of Powell between Powell and Mason. The pole was the mast of a ship, heavily smeared with grease, and with prizes planted at intervals along its length. There was a five-dollar gold-piece at the very top, and the values dwindled through hams and bacon and silver dollars to the easier stages near the bottom. The first boys to try their luck seldom got anything but grease, but after the stuff had been wiped off on the garments of the first contestants, the later comers often captured some of the prizes. The amateur ball players used to gather at Mason's lot for contests with the horsehide sphere and bat, in the

days when a pitcher might only throw the ball underhand, and not even give it a jog at his hip to distract its course into a curve.

Paddy Gleeson's place was popular with the young "rock rollers" from Telegraph Hill, for outside the door hung a magpie. The magpie kept a sharp eye out for policemen and when one wove in sight, the bird would whistle shrilly, and all the "hoods" for whom the bluecoat might be looking would drop through a trapdoor into the cellar until the coast was clear again.

TOSSED STONES IN WINDOWS

The "rock rollers" were named for their habit of breaking up political meetings of candidates they did not favor by heaving cobble-stones into the hall or through the windows. Rumor has it that some of the candidates did not wait for the "rock rollers" to function of their own initiative, but hired them before the other side managed to. Sometimes they varied their performance by starting slides of rocks down the side of the hill to fall on the roofs of the voting places with a terrifying rumble, scattering the citizens within so that they did not exercise their inalienable right of franchise. A "landslide" vote is only a phrase now, but it was sometimes a reality in the good old days, when candidates hired bodyguards instead of publicity men.

USED BAY TO DUMP REFUSE

Charles Walton, better known as Charlie the Dumper, kept a junk store at the wharf, where the dump cart men and the boys who were always poking about in the dumps might dispose of their findings in the final resting place of the city's refuse. Meiggs wharf acted as a splendid runway for the garbage wagons in those simple days, when such a thing as a municipal incinerator had not been dreamed of.

Why should anyone bother about destroying the rubbish when there was a whole bay and an ocean beyond ready for the receiving of it?

The Atlantic Gardens, on Bay street, known as the "free and easy", served as a rendezvous for large numbers on Sunday afternoons. The couples sat around at small tables and danced on an open platform when the mood and the music moved them. This seems to have been the true precursor of the modern cabaret, for actors and actresses from the doubtful music halls of Pacific street used to sing and dance there between the group dances of the patrons, and not on a stage but on the floor among the tables. Ned Nestell was one of the popular entertainers, and his fame was principally due to the number of off-color tales he managed to accumulate and recount.

CRAB STEWS REMEMBERED

In Charlie Shroeder's saloon, Charlie Swartz, who later ran the restaurant at Harbor View, concocted excellent crab stews for the delight of the patrons. Even in these days one might duplicate the recipe, and in so far bring back the ancient and romantic days. The crab, freshly caught and boiled, of course, was lifted in large pieces from its shell, and immersed in cold milk, placed over a brisk fire and allowed to just come to a boil, but no more. A generous lump of butter, then the whole poured over a crumbled hardtack and a sprinkling of chopped green in a deep dish, and the feast was ready. The old-timers still smack their lips over thinking of it.

The small boys adored the "flying horses" that wintered at the beach, after the summer months spent in the picnic resorts of the transbay counties. The merry-go-round was always a mecca for the children and though most of the youngsters of those days rode horses like Macqueros, still they sought the wooden horses on the carousel for an additional thrill.

November 11, 1924.

PAINTER'S MISTAKE CHANGED THE SPELLING OF SAUSALITO

The first ferry terminal for a Sausalito ferry was Meiggs wharf. There had been a sort of desultory little craft that used to go from the city to San Rafael before that, but it did not stop at Sausalito; in fact it did not come near the charming hillside town, for it went around by SanQuentin and the Petaluma creek.

The Sausalito Land and Ferry Company were the pioneers, and it was under the chaperonage of that firm that the steamer Princess sailed gaily from Meiggs wharf May 10, 1868. To be sure, the Princess was a light craft from the standpoint of the modern-day ferry boat, and the old-timers claim that she rolled in a most ungodly manner, even sometimes discouraging the appetites of the passengers for the excellent clam chowder that the old Portuguese used to serve on board.

PETALUMA WAS NEXT

Soon the steamer Petaluma joined the traffic, a much heavier boat and better equipped to breast the ground swells in the Golden Gate strait. Luke Fay believes that this was the first time that the old name Saucelito, as the town was designated on all the maps and in all the newspapers up to the '70s, was spelled Sausalito.

There is reason to believe that either a stubborn or an illiterate painter was responsible for the change from the soft Spanish word, which meant "Grove of Little Willows," into the more phonetic Sausalito, which apparently has no meaning at all except to the folk who love the place.

The ferry started out with the name painted on the paddle-wheel boxes on the side, "Petaluma (In small letters), of SAUSALITO," in huge figures visible to all of the bay, and so the name was changed.

The Merchants' Exchange had a station at Meiggs wharf. In fact, there were two lookouts operating there, one of them much later than the other. Bob Silvey was chief of the original place, and Henry Hoyt and, after him, Mike Fitzgerald custodians of the latter, which was known as the Marine Exchange. The procedure was picturesque indeed when a boat was sighted coming in the strait.

When one remembers that for 20 years after the founding of San Francisco there was no railroad connection direct with New York and that it was only in 1869 that the transcontinental road was completed. It is not hard to realize how important a factor in the life of the city was the arrival of the steamers bringing mail and merchandise from the great centers of the East.

On Point Lobos, just above the Cliff House, there was a lookout, and until the famous eight-mile electric telegraph was installed from that point to the Merchants' Exchange on California street the signal was flashed by a sort of semaphore arrangement from Point Lobos to Telegraph Hill, where there was another observatory.

ALL DROPPED BUSINESS

The flag on that point was visible to all downtown, and when it flashed out, the whole town dropped its activities and rushed to stand in line at the postoffice. People stood for hours in all kind of weather waiting for the first word from family or business connections in the far places of the earth.

Out at Meiggs wharf the Telegraph Hill signal was visible too, and the Whitehall boats were in the water in a moment, centerboard down spirit sail and jib set, and the boatmen, runners for every manner of concern from sailors' boarding houses to the merchants expecting shipments, were tearing to reach the incoming vessel first.

The boats from the official observatories on the wharf were never behind the others, and the manifests were taken from the ship by them before she was half in the strait. Then back to the wharf went the Whitehall boat and the manifest was rushed down to the

"street" by a boy on horseback. Tom McCann was the rider for a long time. The merchants, when the manifests were posted, made haste to bid for the merchandise with the consignees, and before the vessel had tied at the wharf the goods had changed hands several times on some occasions.

Old-timers will remember Dickey Hammond and Billy Ferguson, both intrepid Whitehall men, who used to run for the exchanges. When they were not busy pursuing manifests they occupied themselves saving lives, for between disconsolates, homesick unto sheer distaste for life, and folks who had imbibed too freely, and the generally precarious state of the stringers and flooring of the wharf, to say nothing of venturous children, some one was forever falling overboard and, thanks to the watchful Whitehall boatmen, forever being saved.

November 12, 1924.

LAFAYETTE'S SHIP SERVED AS HOSPITAL
OFF NORTH BEACH

Industry came early to the North Beach, for it was natural that a place so handy to the bay should be taken advantage of, especially when Meiggs wharf made shipping easy of access. The Eureka Flour Mill was built by Isaac Friedlander at the corner of Powell and Francisco. The Pacific Camphene Works came early to the Beach, operated by Josiah Stanford. Camphene was the lighting fluid of the time, consisting of turpentine and alcohol. Very naturally it often caused conflagrations in the factory as well as in the homes of the intrepid people who burned it.

One memorable fire called out all the Volunteer firemen, and when they reached the scene, great streams of living fire were shooting from the factory, and they had to rush the engine and themselves away from the scene until the flames had burned themselves out.

Paddy Martin had his pipe works at the beach, and his little wharf made a capital place for cock-fights, one of the sports of the youth of the times.

It was under the wharf that the well-spurred little chickens fought their battles to the death sometimes, to the betting gain or loss of their respective owners and backers.

DEMANDED SOAP AT EARLY DATE

The old-timers evidently demanded soap at an early date, in large quantities, for John Fay found his soap factory very profitable. John Emerding had a starch works at the beach, and Hucks and Lambert manufactured axle grease. Witches' hidehouse was there, too.

The Spring Valley Water Company really began operations in the North Beach region, for in 1851 George H. Ensign located a spring in a lot just south of the present site of the Washington Grammar School. He conveyed the water in V-shaped troughs to a large tank at the corner of Pacific and Powell, and from there it was pumped into another tank on a two-wheel dray and peddled around to his water customers. Ensign later became the first secretary of the Spring Valley Water Company.

OLD MANSION BECAME HOSPITAL

Pfieffer's Folly was a landmark in the old days of the "Beach". Pfieffer had been burnt out two or three times in Sacramento, and when he came to the city he determined that no fire should rob him of the home he would build himself. He erected a sturdy brick structure at Stockton and Chesnut, but he overstepped the boundary of his fortune, and he was forced to sell the place, for he used up all his funds building it and had nothing to live on. Later the mansion was turned into a home for inebriates, and finally occupied by the Pacific Hospital. People who have admired the Dutch windmills at the park are likely to think of

them as a modern addition to the city, but Pfeiffer erected one, the first of its kind, at the corner of Pfeiffer and Dupont street, to run his flour mill. The wings were blown down in a storm in the winter of 1864.

The first insane asylum in the city was an old brig, anchored in the lee of Black Point. It was the Cadmus, famous as having brought the illustrious Marquis de Lafayette to this country from France. In its final service to humanity, the old name was erased and the ship was known only as Brig "B." Eventually, during a severe epidemic of small pox, it was occupied as an isolation hospital, and then burnt and sank. The first city and county hospital in the city had its place at Greenwich and Jones street, and was later removed to Stockton and Francisco, where it remained until 1871.

One of the spectacular rescues at North Beach in the days of its greatest bustle and activity was that of "Commodore" Allen, king of the stevedores. Allen was a huge man, enormously tall, and he tipped the scales at about 300 pounds. He had come out on the wharf with a horse and buggy, and a treacherous girder broke, and over he went into the bay. Billy Ferguson, then a boatman, and now a sergeant of police at the Park station, was on hand to rescue him, and it was one of the most arduous tasks of his whole career, for man, horse and buggy were all mixed up together in the water. Poor Commodore Allen was much shaken up, but eventually was hauled to safety.

Alcatraz Island was first occupied by United States soldiers on January 8, 1860, when Colonel Stewart, in charge of Company D, Third Artillery, landed his force and took possession.

November 13, 1924.

OLD-TIMERS OF S. F. FLOCKED TO BATHS AT NORTH BEACH

Swimming was a delight to the old-timers of the city. Early in the morning, from 6 to 9, the

bay at the cove below Black Point was dotted with bobbing heads. Swimming far out in the icy waters of the strait. Later the enterprising ones started bath houses along the beach, some of them merely rows of little dressing rooms, and others with pretentious tanks enclosed.

Of these the Crystal Baths are probably the most famous, perhaps because they lasted into the present day. They were built in 1888, on Bay street, between Powell and Mason, opposite the California Wire Works.

DRYDOCK WAS BEACH FEATURE

Cozzens dry dock was one of the features of the waterfront at the beach, and it was there that the ships went to be cleaned and overhauled after their arduous trips around the horn, or up and down the coast.

Transportation came to the beach as early as '51, when the omnibusses left Clay and Kearney and came out Washington to Stockton, to Union, to Powell and then to Francisco. The fare was 25 cents.

The first school in the district was built at the corner of Filbert and Powell as early as 1852.

ANCIENT BUILDING WITHSTANDS QUAKE

The quartermaster supply building has an interesting history. It was abandoned as unsafe long before the Spanish-American War, and it was considered unfit to be used as a barracks or a supply depot. When the tremblor of 1906 left it absolutely untouched, when buildings of modern architecture were thrown to the ground, the old building was reclaimed, and now is the sturdy shelter of huge quantities of government supplies.

November 14, 1924.

OLD TIMERS RECALL BOATS WITH CALLIOPE
FOR WHISTLES

Shipbuilding was one of the activities at the beach in the old days. Colby Lorentzen had the shipyard that lay in the block bounded by Taylor, Jones, Chestnut and Francisco. It was there that the good ship "Billy the Butcher" was launched from the ways at Francisco street.

There were two picturesque little side-wheelers that delighted the small boys in those days. They were called the S. M. Whipple and the Chnoise. Their claim to distinction was the unique whistle that each of them sported.

Instead of the strident whistle of one note that most of the bay craft were content to blow in greeting or warning, these two boats had calliope attachments and played gay tunes whenever the whistle was needed.

HUNTED BIRDS FOR FINERY

Billy Campbell pursued an odd craft, at least so it seems in these days when Paris and New York with all the finery of the world is available for the decoration of women's head gear. He used to hunt "divers," a pretty aquatic bird, with shiny fine breast feathers, much in demand to furnish trimming for the hats of the smart young ladies of the time.

The Selby Smelting Works were on Beach street, between Leavenworth and Hyde, and the steamer Bullion used to ply between the works and the Mission wharf, loaded with the product of the mills.

The old ship Tonquin was of mysterious interest to the boys, for in one ill-advised casting of her anchor her master had overestimated the depth of the water, and when the ship drifted over the iron flukes, the cruel points entered into her

hull, and she sank in contumely, hoist off her own petard, as it were. She was never reclaimed.

BOAT HOUSE ON VAN NESS

The Dolphin Boat House, gathering place of the scullers and the enthusiastic admirers of the fine art of oarsmanship, was at the foot of Van Ness avenue. Later, the Trion club had a boathouse nearby, a sort of offshoot of the Dolphin group. It was here that the wreck of the old Fannie Ann served the boys as an impromptu bathhouse, and her ancient spars for the "hickory" limb on which to hang their clothes.

Burr's Crab house, on Bay, between Dupont and Kearny on the south side, was a famous place to find good fellowship, excellent company and superior crab stews. It was there that the elite of the city came to dally with the elusive charm of the cockle and the oyster, and to discuss the affairs of the day. The place was directly over the water and one might almost fish from the windows.

November 15, 1924.

STEAMER DAYS WERE GALA TIMES FOR PIONEERS OF S. F.

All eyes turned to Telegraph Hill in the early days, when steamer day came only twice a month. To this very date it is the custom among the merchants of San Francisco to settle their bills on the 13th and 28th of every month, so that all might ship back their money to the Eastern banks. It was the lookout on Telegraph Hill that informed the waiting crowds when the steamer from New York hove in sight.

At first the observatory, which was built by Sweeney and Baugh in 1849, was only a little building and stood on the very peak of the hill. A storm in the winter of 1870 blew it down, but for all the 20 years of its existence the people of the city had carved their names and initials upon its sides, inside and out, and there were literally thousands

of signatures, many of them of men who had come from the ends of the earth, and who had returned there.

The old observatory had been abandoned for some time when it blew down, for the marvelous electric telegraph replaced it, by making it possible for the lookout at Point Lobos to wire the news of the arrival of steamers to the Merchants' Exchange direct, without the relay of signals from the hill. The telegraph was an elaborate affair, with a circular keyboard like a wheel with letters on the rim, and the mechanism was worked by foot pedals.

SWORD WIELDERS GATHERED THERE

The second observatory was built by the indefatigable Adolph Sutro in the early '80s and took the form of a castle with battlements, quite an extensive structure, where the people of the town, looking for an unobscured view of the city, might refresh themselves with beer and the ubiquitous crab stew and listen to music furnished by itinerant players. It was Sutro who built the method of reaching it, the little car line that ran from Powell street to the top of the hill. It was constructed on the same plan that serves the Fillmore street hill today. One car in descending hauled the ascending car to the top.

One of the unique sports of the day took place at the observatory, when the champion broadsword wielders of the day slashed and thrust at each other with all their strength. The swords were heavy and not at all like the slender rapiers that the duelists of the romantic period used. Rumor has it that following a remark on the part of Luke Fay that it took more strength than brains to wield a broadsword successfully, he was forthwith challenged by Jack McGlynn to a contest, but he won't tell whether it was ever fought or whether he proved his point or not.

DELIGHTED IN PRIZEFIGHTS

Buck Iverson, with his family, lived as caretaker at the observatory, and Iverson delighted in promoting prize fights among the younger denizens of the hill. It was he who formed the Observatory Club, where Willie Cole and Toby Irwin and many others tried out their skill.

Telegraph Hill traveled around the earth and the seven seas really, for when the ships came loaded to San Francisco with merchandise and material of all sorts from the Eastern markets there was no cargo to take back in the early days. Their best gain was in getting back for another load to sell the prosperous miners, who had gold and not much else except scenery and ambition. Telegraph Hill provided a vast quarry of more or less loose rock, and the ships dug deep into its side for ballast to see them safe home, where they could get a more precious cargo.

ROCK WORK HURT HILL

The quarrying of the hill did not cease with the passing of time, for builders and contractors drew constantly on its steep sides, so easy of access, until Calhoun street, once the fashionable residence place of the famous actors who played here, was almost obliterated. Edwin Booth's cottage still stands on the hill on Union below Montgomery, perched rather precariously.

The Gray Brothers kept their quarrying operations in full force in spite of injunctions, until the city bought a number of lots to protect the hill. The last rock was taken away about 1900.

November 17, 1924.

RUSSIAN HILL ROMANCE TOLD

There are so many romances that center about Russian Hill that one is loath to question too

sharply into their authenticity. One tale has it that the Russians used the place as a burying ground in the days before the Gringos came, or the Spanish, either, when the doughty men of the North came down to hunt for sea otter.

Another less elegant explanation of the origin of the name is told by the old-timers. It seems that there was a huge Russian sailor, a mighty man, full of laughter and with a magnificent capacity for beer. He was so big that when he entered a room half the people in it had to leave, if it had been at all crowded. It was his custom between trips at sea to live in a little sailor boarding house on the waterfront, where he was very popular.

One of the attractions of the place was a well from which the boarders might drink really good water. In the days when water carts peddled the necessary water for the city in tanks on wheels and one bought it, more or less stale, from the carriers, the well was an asset, and the boarding house was justly popular.

The Russian had the habit of astonishing his companions and newcomers with his capacity for drinking, and one night he overdid even his remarkable possibilities, and drank more than enough to make him rather unfit for navigation. He wandered out into the night, and because he was so big and a bit belligerent, no one tried to oppose him. He disappeared from human ken. His sailor companions missed him for a day or so, and then forgot him, thinking that he had perhaps gone down the road to San Jose, wearying of the sea.

They continued drinking of the well water. One night the well bucket didn't come up easily, and someone climbed down a ladder to see what was obstructing it. It was the poor Russian, and they took him up and buried him quietly and without public comment on the remote top of Russian Hill, where it was not likely that anyone would notice the new grave and inquire into the origin of it. The boarding house with the well continued to be prosperously popular.

FIRST EXECUTION WAS BACK IN '49

There seems to have been rather a macabre atmosphere around the hill in very early days, for the first public execution under the American rule took place there in 1848, when an unfortunate Mexican was eliminated, via hanging, from this vale of tears. It wasn't long, though, before some of the elect of the city found that there was a delightful view and pleasant weather on the hill, and the houses began to climb up the sides and cover the slopes.

One McGregor, whose home was on the hill, built an observatory with arrangements for seeing through telescopes in all directions. It was almost on a line with the observatory on Telegraph Hill, and McGregor firmly believed that it would be as popular, but either the hill was too steep or the hill too remote, for it never became the popular resort that the other had.

It is in these later days that Russian Hill has really come into its own, for everywhere on its pleasant sides picturesque little homes and pretentious mansions with a generous scattering of imposing apartment houses are being built. The streets have been graded so that even the most timid driver is not afraid to navigate them, and Russian Hill seems likely to be one of the most favored of the city's residence places in the immediate future.

It has always seemed to me that an aura of interest of a special kind, hardly to be described, hangs over it, and wandering through the picturesque streets one feels that mysticism and charm and exotic beauty of some older city than this is all about.

FINIS

